





CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION



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LOS ANGELES

TOWN AND COUNTRY
TALES.



INTENDED FOR THE

AMUSEMENT

(and)

MORAL INSTRUCTION

(OF YOUTH.)



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PREFACE.

In offering these Tales to the public, the Editor will perhaps be allowed to state something about their origin and the purpose they are intended to answer.

This is a selection from the best foreign works of the kind; the tales are not literal translations, but rather imitations, altered so as to give the substance of the narrative in a manner suitable to English habits and ideas, and to present the moral under a point of view conformable to English principles.

Our continental neighbours have many works of the same class, some of which are familiar to the English public; the present collection, how-

ever, is taken from writers of a later date, and (as far as it could be ascertained) yet unknown in this country.

Those who are best acquainted with foreign juvenile works, are aware that many a tale which is approved of in France, Germany, or Italy, would be totally unfit to be perused by the English youth. The greatest attention has therefore been paid to this selection, the Editor having had in view the moral improvement as well as the mental recreation of his youthful readers.

The object of these tales is not to correct actual vices, for such happily are seldom met with in youth, especially in a country like this, where moral education is so carefully attended to ; but the tendency of the present work is to check those wayward though hidden feelings which often take root in the youthful breast, and which, if not carefully watched, may lead to fatal results. Vanity, Selfishness. Caprice,

Self-will, Pride, and Dissimulation—these are so many enemies to tranquillity of mind, openness of disposition and regularity of habits, qualities so desirable in youth; and against these enemies therefore young people ought to be put on their guard, by having them exposed in all their deformity, and with all their evil consequences.

It is hoped that the novelty of features arising from the foreign origin of this little work, will prove an additional attraction, and that the TOWN AND COUNTRY TALES may prove a source of recreation and instruction to youth, both in town and in the country.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Young Protector	1
The Curricl Overturned	7
The Mischievous Boy	17
The Pottle of Strawberries	23
The Jack-Daw	29
Temptations	37
The Thunder-Storm	59
Self-Inflicted Correction	68
Mamma's Little Girl	79
The Independent Boy	92
Affectation	121
The Peasant and the Cadi	136
The Broken Wine-Glass	147
Selfishness Cured	156

THE
YOUNG PROTECTOR.



ONE of the most becoming feelings of man is that which makes him take the defence of the weaker sex, which on account of its helplessness is entitled to his protection.

Felix Dunmore was sent one day by his father on an errand of some importance. Although but fourteen years of age, the steadiness of his character, and the judgment and prudence he had shown on several occasions, had acquired him the entire confidence of his parent.

In passing through an unfrequented street, he perceived a young lady of about his own age, and very respectable in her appearance, in the midst of several young men, who seemed to amuse themselves with her evident embarrassment in finding herself thus alone and unprotected. She had lately arrived from the country, and had gone out on that morn-

ing with her mother, from whom she was separated in a crowd, and after wandering through several streets, she was now enquiring her way home. The first man to whom she addressed herself for this purpose, seeing no one of her sex near at hand, began asking her some impertinent questions about the manner in which she had lost her way ; another stopped, attracted by her appearance and manners, and became very inquisitive about her address and other particulars ; in the mean time a circle of ill-bred rude fellows had gathered round the forlorn stranger. No one however had yet afforded her the information she wanted, and one of the by-standers, more impudent and wicked than the rest, was just giving her a wrong direction, when Felix passed by. Without noticing the sneers of the spectators, he enquired of the young lady her address, and having learned it, he told her respectfully that as he was himself going to that part of the town where she lived, he would, with her leave, have the pleasure of seeing her home.

After some hesitation the young lady accepted his offer, and Felix having expressed,

as they were walking together, his indignation at the unmanly conduct of the people whom they had just left, she felt reassured with regard to the character of her new companion.

At a short distance from her house, they met the mother of Olivia, (such was the young lady's name) who after fruitless researches and inquiries, was returning home in the greatest anxiety for her daughter's safety. Seeing her with a young man of respectable appearance, she enquired his name, at the same time expressing her warmest thanks for the care he had taken of her daughter. Felix wishing out of delicacy, to lessen the importance of the service he had rendered, said he was proceeding that way on business, and mentioned the person to whom he was taking a letter from his father. Olivia's mother perceived that in order to oblige her daughter, he had gone considerably beyond the place of his destination; she therefore repeated her thanks to him, and her excuses for his trouble and loss of time.

During this conversation they arrived at the lady's house, which was in one of the

fashionable streets near Grosvenor Square. The lady was a person of rank, and kept her carriage and livery servants, but on that morning had walked out with her daughter, unattended by a footman, to call upon an intimate acquaintance; when meeting unexpectedly with a crowd of people at the turning of a street, her daughter had been suddenly separated from her, and they had lost sight of each other.

Lady Chalmers insisted upon Felix walking into the parlour to rest himself; at the same time she ordered her carriage, while she engaged him in conversation, asking him several questions about his family. Felix, with great candour, told her, he was the son of a retired officer without fortune, who had come to town to solicit a pension from government, on account of his long services and injured health, and that he was going that morning with a memorial on the subject addressed to a person in office.

At last Felix rose to take his leave;—the lady told him that her carriage was ready to convey him to the place of his destination, in order to make up for the time he had lost.

“Lost, Madam!” exclaimed Felix, “I shall always look upon *that* time as well employed, in which I shall have an opportunity of rendering any service to a lady, and make reparation for the brutality of some of my own sex.” He left Lady Chalmers highly delighted with him, and desirous of shewing her gratitude in a more effectual manner.

A few days after Felix had delivered the memorial, his father received a letter from the minister, informing him that a liberal pension had been granted to him, with the additional promise, that his son would shortly be provided for. Captain Dunmore, full of satisfaction and gratitude, went to return thanks to the minister. The secretary who received him, did not conceal from him, that the granting his request had been hastened by powerful recommendations. The veteran testified his surprise at such an unexpected interest in his favour, of which he was totally unaware.

“Your pension,” said the secretary, “would certainly have been granted to you, as you had proper claims to it, although from the pressure of business you would perhaps have been obliged to wait a little longer; but as

to the favour which it is in contemplation to bestow upon your son, and which was unasked by you, it is entirely in consequence of his own handsome conduct to a lady, a near relation of a person high in office." He then related to the happy father the meeting of his son with Olivia, of which Felix, out of modesty, had not mentioned a word.

On returning home, the veteran commended his son for his manly conduct, and congratulated him on the happy results of it. They went together to the residence of their benefactress. On attempting to express their thanks, they were stopped short by Lady Chalmers, who observed, that the honourable spirit and the sense of delicacy of so young a man as Felix, fully deserved the interest that had been excited in his favour, and that it must be a satisfaction to those who are possessed of any influence to use it in bringing forward deserving persons.

Thus we see that even the world does not always let good actions pass unrewarded, although it is the secret approbation of conscience, that ought at all times to be considered as a sufficient recompense for them.

THE

CURRICLE OVERTURNED.

MR. WENTWORTH, a gentleman of considerable property, residing in the city of Dublin, was in the habit of making frequent excursions into the neighbouring country, where business demanded his presence, and on those occasions he generally drove his own curricule, attended by his footman. He was well known to the farmers and peasantry, whose regard he had won through the kindness and benevolence of his disposition.

Mr. Wentworth had lost his wife early, and was left with an only child, a daughter, named Herminia, who, at the time the following circumstance took place, was hardly fourteen years of age. His occupations preventing him from superintending in person

the education of his beloved child, he had placed her in a respectable boarding school, a short distance from town, where he visited her, as often as his occupations would allow him. He at times took Herminia along with him in his curricule, to afford her the gratification of a few hours ride, or to visit some of his friends who lived in the country, and with whom she could spend a few agreeable moments, while he was attending to his affairs, and then he would call for her in the afternoon, and bring her back to her home.

Herminia was naturally of a good disposition, kind-hearted, ingenuous, and gay ;—but having been too early deprived of her mother's advice and example, she had imbibed certain notions of vanity and self-importance, which her personal advantages had contributed to strengthen.

Mr. Wentworth having purchased a new curricule, remarkably handsome, drove it one day to his daughter's boarding school. He thought that Herminia would be flattered by the elegance of the new carriage, as he knew that the young lady was rather fond of splendour and gaiety. He had previously in-

formed her that he would take her on that day to the residence of one of his friends, a few miles off, where there was to be a rural entertainment, and a dance in the afternoon.

Herminia had made a careful toilette for the occasion. She had put on a beautiful light dress, in order to appear to advantage among the fair ladies, whom she was going to meet. Her father could not help feeling a sentiment of complacency, mixed with his paternal tenderness, when he handed her into his curricule. He seated himself by her side; a young and well dressed footman took his place behind, and the carriage drove off, drawn by a pair of spirited horses. Herminia had never been happier in her life. Her vanity was flattered, and her spirits were excessively high; she scarcely felt the motion of the carriage as it drove rapidly along, and the surrounding objects seemed to swim before her eyes. But her satisfaction was to be of short duration.

It was the season of the autumnal equinox, when the weather is rendered very uncertain by the violent winds and sudden storms.

Hardly had Mr. Wentworth and his

daughter lost sight of the school, when the clouds which had gathered above the horizon, began to dissolve into rain, accompanied by thunder. The roads, which were already heavy, became completely covered with water and mire.

Herminia shrunk into a corner of the vehicle, and there, wrapped up in her father's great coat, and sheltered in some measure by his umbrella, she managed to save her fine dress from the rain. The shower passed away, and the young lady thought that she had come easily out of the danger which threatened her.

When they were about half way towards the place of their destination, they overtook a poor old gardener, who had gone to market to sell his vegetables, and was returning home in a little low donkey cart. As Mr. Wentworth's dashing curricie drew near, the poor gardener, wishing to make way, drove his cart too much on one side of the road by which means one of the wheels got into a deep furrow, the cart was upset, and the donkey, already exhausted with fatigue, fell down on the road side. The poor old man

endeavoured, but in vain, to raise the cart, lamenting at the same time his misfortune. Mr. Wentworth, who had stopped his horses, on seeing the accident, immediately alighted, and proffered his assistance to upraise the cart. In effecting this he did not spare his clothes, which, as well as his hands, became soiled with mud. As he stepped into his curricule again, Herminia drew instinctively on one side. "Father," she said, "you are covered with mud; do not sit too close to me, or you will spoil my dress."

"We must not be too particular in certain cases," replied Mr. Wentworth: "that poor old man drove into the ditch, out of civility to us; it was but right that I should endeavour to repair his accident; besides, you know, my dear, I cannot resist the appeal of a poor suffering being."

Herminia, not convinced by his reply, hazarded some reflections upon her father's excessive goodness, and observed that it was not decorous for him to appear as he was, before the splendid company which awaited them.

Mr. Wentworth easily understood the secret motive that dictated his daughter's

remarks, namely—offended pride. He mildly remonstrated with her upon her want of justice, as well as of generosity, and the conversation became animated, when, just as they were about a mile distant from the place of their destination, one of the wheels of the curricie broke, and both the inside riders and the footman were thrown into the middle of the road.

Poor Herminia was frightened excessively. She screamed out as if she had been seriously hurt, which, however, was not the case. Her father soon perceived this; he had had the presence of mind as they fell, to support his daughter with one arm, so that she fell over him, and not only was she uninjured, but even saved her dress from being soiled; it was only ruffled a little, and her bonnet and flowers were slightly deranged. Mr. Wentworth then turned his attention to the curricie, in which, he soon perceived they could proceed no farther. He resolved to leave it to the care of his footman, who solicited the assistance of some peasants to bind the wheel in a temporary manner, in order to drive it slowly back again to town.

The remaining difficulty was now to find the means for Mr. Wentworth and his daughter, to proceed to their friend's house. In the actual state of the roads, it was impracticable to walk for a mile. A stage coach that happened to pass, was quite full. It was getting late, and there was no chance of meeting, on that road, with another public carriage for some hours to come. In this dilemma, the old gardener came up in his donkey cart. Seeing Mr. Wentworth standing in the road with his daughter, the old man stopped, and alighting, went up to him with respectful kindness. "Och! Bless your honour;" said he, "I hope your honour and the young lady are not hurt."

"No, my good man," replied Mr. Wentworth, "I am only sorry that we cannot proceed on our way. We are expected at Sir Terence O'Neil's, and I am afraid we shall be too late; besides, there is no house in this neighbourhood where my daughter can step in, and wait for some sort of conveyance."

“ If you wouldn’t think it beneath the likes of you,” said the old man hesitatingly——

“ What,” enquired Herminia, “ would you propose us to do ?”

“ Why, plaze your honour and long life to you, my little bit of a cart can hold two, a little close to be sure, and couldn’t you both sit in it ilegantly?---Faith, and the straw at the bottom is fresh and clane; I will shake it and turn it over, and—

“ Agreed,” cried Mr. Wentworth, “ we will avail ourselves of your kind offer. What do you say to it, Herminia; is it not very kind of this good man ?”

“ Yes,” muttered she, “ at all events, this conveyance, such as it is, is better than none; we shall be jolted, but still we shall arrive in time.”

The old man made every thing ready, and Herminia took her seat in the gardener’s cart, half vexed, half surprised at the novelty of her situation. The good old man walked by the side of the donkey, and they were nearly half an hour in journeying to the residence of Sir Terence.

On the road, Herminia had to encounter

the gaze and the half-checked titters of the passengers, who were surprised at the appearance of the occupants of the crazy vehicle. She turned as red as scarlet, pouted, bit her lips, frowned; then cast down her eyes in despair, and silently resigned herself to her fate. But a greater mortification still awaited her.

As they entered the well gravelled avenue, leading to the elegant mansion of Sir Terence O'Neil, Herminia proposed to her father that they should alight and walk up to the house. "No," replied Mr. Wentworth, pleased with this opportunity of giving a lesson to his daughter, and of mortifying her vanity; "No; I am too satisfied with our carriage, not to remain in it until we reach the steps."

The company were already assembled in the drawing room, and they looked out of the windows, on seeing the curious equipage draw near. The ladies simpered, the gentlemen smiled. Some of them directed their eye-glasses towards the new comers, while the master of the house came out of the hall, to hand the fair Herminia out of her cart. She was hardly able to walk into the house, where

having shaken off the straw which had fastened to the flounces of her dress, she hurried through the passage, leaning upon Sir Terence's arm. But her trial was not yet over.

Mr. Wentworth having rewarded handsomely the old man for his trouble, hastened after his daughter, and overtook her at the door of the drawing room, where the ladies had come forward to receive her: he then related his adventure on the road, and expatiated on the kindness and attention of the poor old gardener. Every body applauded the latter, and Herminia at last, ashamed of her selfishness, joined in the common expression.

From that day Herminia appeared to be a different person; she was cured of her vanity; became affable and attentive to her inferiors, and she often repeated afterwards her father's concluding remark on the occasion which we have related:—"We must be obliging and kind to every body, first, for the sake of justice and humanity, and secondly, because we may happen some day to stand in need of persons, far beneath ourselves in rank and fortune."

THE
MISCHIEVOUS BOY.

MR. READER'S boarding school in the town of D——, was often disturbed by the mischievous spirit of one of its inmates. Mendax (we will call him by this appropriate name) seemed to find his greatest enjoyment in fomenting quarrels between his comrades, by false reports, and by repeating offensive words and slander, which he attributed to one or the other, and which he whispered into the ears of the supposed offended person. When things came to a serious turn, such as open quarrels and blows, instead of endeavouring to remedy the evil, by soothing or explaining the origin of it, Mendax tried all his art in confusing the business more and more, so that the disputants could not understand each other, their self-love was

wounded, and Mendax laughed in his sleeve at the success of his imposture. Such characters are fortunately not very frequent among youths, but yet they are occasionally to be found where many are collected together, and it is hoped that this tale will deter those who might be so inclined, from indulging their fatal propensity.

When the boys went out to walk, Mendax generally contrived to go before the rest, in order to play them some mischievous trick, or ill-natured hoax. In winter time, when he knew that his comrades intended to cross a stream which was frozen over, he contrived to crack the ice, in order to render it impassable. In summer, when they were thirsty, and expected to find some spring in their way where they might quench their thirst, he outran them, and either by stirring the ground at the bottom with his walking stick, or throwing dirt into the water, render it unfit to drink. He afterwards used to attribute these evil offices to some persons in the neighbourhood, especially peasant boys, whom his comrades knew by sight, and often met in their walks, and whom they seldom failed

to call to account for the supposed offence. He had succeeded so well in his mischievous system, as to create an inveterate spirit of hostility between Mr. Reader's pupils and the inhabitants of the neighbouring hamlets, who looked upon the whole juvenile establishment, as a positive nuisance to the country around.

Mendax could not carry on his occupation, but he was occasionally found out as the author of some mischief, and punished accordingly by the master. This however did not deter him from continuing the same evil course, until at last an accident, which arose from his own wicked habits, put an end to his career of mischief.

One day in the summer, Mr. Reader gave his scholars a holiday, which they employed as usual in walking several miles from home.

They had reached a large common, near the banks of a deep stream, when they halted and began playing, while the master sat down at a short distance, intent upon reading. Mendax's unsociable disposition did not allow him to share, for any length of time, in the amusements of his comrades. He

crept behind a hedge, which bounded the common on one side, just above the bank of the river. He was perhaps studying in his mind some new trick, having already played his part that day, while passing through a wood, where he pretended to have gone astray and called for help, by which means several of the boys really lost their way, and one of them fell into a ditch while following the direction of Mendax's voice, who concealed behind the thick under-wood, was continually shifting his position to where he knew the approaches were difficult, and even dangerous. He had been scouted by his comrades, and would have suffered summary punishment from them, had it not been for the master's interference, who told them he should be chastised, on his return home. However the boys were so accustomed to his ways, that on arriving at their halting place, they soon forgot the tricks he had played them in the wood, and did not even notice Mendax's disappearance behind the hedge. The declivity from the hedge to the river, was, in this place very steep and slippery. Mendax probably intended to conceal himself behind

some thick brushwood, and then to cry out in his usual way, by which means he would attract his companions to the spot, who, in overstepping the hedge in haste, would unavoidably slide down into the river. However this might be, his own foot must have slipped, while he was walking along the bank, for soon after his comrades heard his cries for assistance, “ *help, help! I am drowning!*” but they naturally thought that Mendax was as usual hoaxing them, and paid no attention to his cries, which were repeated two or three times, fainter and fainter, until they ceased. “ Let him alone,” the boys said, “ he shall not make fools of us again to-day.”

However, after some time, the master began to collect his pupils in order to return home. Mendax was wanting, they looked for him in every direction, and at last saw his hat on the bank of the river; as they knew Mendax could not swim, they began to have apprehensions for his fate.

Next day his body was found by some fishermen, a mile lower down the stream, and carried to the school.

The fatal end of this deceitful and mischievous boy, was an impressive lesson to his companions, as it exemplified the evil effects of disingenuousness and imposture.

THE

POTTLE OF STRAWBERRIES.

NEAR the road leading from Bristol to the romantic village of Long Ashton stood a neat and pleasant looking country house, called the Hermitage, the gate to which opened on the road. A banker of Bristol was the owner of this house, and inhabited it during the fine season with his wife and his only daughter Laura.

The chief employment of the peasantry in that neighbourhood is gardening, and it is from their gardens, that Bristol, Clifton, and other places in the neighbourhood, are chiefly supplied with vegetables and fruits, and particularly with strawberries.

One evening, in the beginning of the month of June, the time in which the earliest straw-

berries make their appearance in the market, Laura was sitting alone near the gate of her villa, amusing herself in contemplating the little savings she had put together, out of the monthly sum which her father allowed her as pocket money.

While Laura was thus devising a thousand schemes how to employ a half sovereign, the amount of her savings through several months, she heard a scream proceeding from the road, and looking up, saw a young peasant girl who had slipped down, and in her fall, had dropped the contents of a basket she had on her head, consisting of several pottles of strawberries.

Poor Hester was crying piteously. Laura asked her what was the matter. "I am an unfortunate creature," Hester replied, sobbing at the same time:—"this very morning I entered farmer Honeywood's service; this was the first time he employed me in gathering his strawberries, and now I have wasted them all. I cannot repay him for his loss; he will turn me away, and I shall perhaps lose my character. Oh my poor mother, my poor forlorn mother, what will become of you?"

Saying thus, Hester was hastily collecting the few clean strawberries she could pick up from the ground, and out of which she could hardly fill one pottle, the remainder having been crushed by the fall, and soiled with dust.

These affecting words, "My poor mother, what will become of you?" pierced the heart of Laura. "My poor Girl," she said, beckoning to Hester, "How much was the whole of your strawberries worth?"

"Alas! Miss, out of five pottles, I can get now only one fit for market; the other four at two shillings a piece, as they are the earliest in the season; that makes,"—and she was counting on her fingers——

"Eight shillings," replied Laura."

"Yes, Ma'am," answered Hester. "It is more than I can earn in a month. What shall I do? O, my poor mother, what will become of you?"

"Well," said Laura, opening the gate softly, "trust to me, my good girl, I can perhaps repair your loss. Give me the remaining pottle, and take this half sovereign; it is exactly the price of the whole. You will tell your master that you have

sold the strawberries to the inhabitants of the Hermitage; thus he will suffer no loss through you; you will continue to assist your mother, and I shall be happy to have made such a good use of my little savings."

Hester, full of surprise and gratitude, gave Laura the last pottle of strawberries, thanked and blessed her repeatedly, and in the fullness of her heart, she kissed the gold piece which was to save her from the misfortunes that threatened her, and returned to her village. Laura, feeling satisfied in having thus usefully employed her money, carried to her apartment the strawberries, which appeared to her particularly fine, with the intention of eating them privately, without telling her secret to any one.

Laura's father, however, had observed, through the window of his study, all that had passed between his daughter and the peasant girl. He had seen Laura taking the strawberries to her room, and as soon as she returned to the parlour, he went up and took the pottle away. He then rejoined his wife and daughter, and told them that he had engaged to dinner for next day a few

intimate friends, with whom he wished to spend the evening.

After a long conversation, during which Laura's father could not help showing more than usual kindness to his daughter, they parted for the night, and Laura, as she went into her room, was surprised not to find her strawberries, which she had left there. She looked every where for them, made enquiries of her maid, and, through her, of the other servants; no one knew any thing about the strawberries.

On the morrow the guests arrived, dinner was served, and at the end a sumptuous dessert was placed on the table. There were many delicacies, such as pine-apples, pyramids of fruit of various sorts, ices, sweet-meats, &c. Strawberries, however, which are looked upon as a delicacy at that time of the year, were wanting. Laura's mother, who was not in her husband's secret, was complaining about what she thought her servant's neglect, when a footman entered, and placed on the vase of flowers which was in the middle of the table, Laura's favourite pottle of strawberries. Laura could not help

uttering a faint scream of surprise at the sight, and she blushed deeply. Her father then related to his friends the occurrence he had witnessed the day before. "I thought, he said, that I could not offer to my real friends, better strawberries than these; and that no china dish, however valuable, could be preferable to Hester's plain basket."

Every one applauded Laura, not through flattery, but from the heart. Her mother, above all, was delighted with her darling child. Laura was desired to distribute the strawberries to her father's guests, which she did with graceful modesty. But when she came to the bottom of the basket, she found a small morocco case, inclosing a coral necklace, and a gold medallion set with pearls, upon which were engraved the words "FROM HESTER TO HER BENEFACTRESS."

THE
JACK-DAW.

A RETIRED Officer had taken up his residence in a small country town, where he lived in an unassuming but respectable style, conformable to his means. His only daughter Flora, about twelve years of age, a pretty and sprightly girl, lived with him. Next door to the captain's house, and at the corner of the street, was a cobbler's shop, in front of which hung a cage with a jack-daw in it. The bird was very talkative, and repeated many of the phrases, which he was in the habit of hearing from his master, or from his master's customers. "Where are you Jobson?" said one who tapped at the door of the shop while the cobbler was out.—"*At the public-house,*" answered the bird.—"How much do I owe you Jobson?" enquired another—"*A shilling in all*" replied the jack-daw.

The bird was not only a source of amusement to the cobbler, but was also useful to him in another respect, as by his gossip he every day attracted new customers to the shop, who were amused with the prating of the bird, and the facility with which he learned the words that they repeated to him.

Among other admirers of the jack-daw was young Flora, the captain's daughter. She used to listen to him from her window, and often made her father notice the bird, and had expressed a wish to buy him of the cobbler.

The captain after repeated requests from his daughter, sent one day for the cobbler, and asked him how much he would sell his bird for. "Sell my Jack," cried out the cobbler, "no, sir, he is as dear to me as my own life. He gets me all my customers, I owe him the money I get, and the health I enjoy; he is my companion, my pastime, my chief comfort through life. I would not part with him, sir, for all the gold you could give me."

"Do you hear?" said the captain to his daughter,—“this worthy man will not part with the bird, and I cannot but approve of the motives of his refusal.”

Jobson returned to his shop, more pleased

than ever with his bird, who as if out of gratitude for his master's attachment, was repeating at that moment, these words which he had often heard in the street, "*Jobson is an honest boy, Jobson is a good fellow!*"

Sometime after, the cobbler hearing from the captain's servant, that his young mistress still entertained a wish for the jackdaw, resorted to an expedient in order to make the young lady dislike the bird. He taught the latter several phrases, relative to what he knew of Flora's disposition.

The young lady, notwithstanding some natural good qualities, was of a capricious and hasty temper, which made her often commit faults; she bitterly deprecated afterwards.

One day she sharply rebuked her father's faithful old servant, for a very trifling mistake;—shortly after, going to the window, she heard the jackdaw repeat these words: "*Flora is naughty, naughty Flora!*" Another time she gave her father an incorrect account of some domestic transaction, and thereby caused a misunderstanding among the servants.—She soon after heard the bird say "*Flora is a story-teller.*" In short, every time that she did something wrong, she

was sure of receiving a lesson from her caged monitor.

The consequence was, that Flora took a dislike to the bird, proportionate to the desire she had before felt of possessing it. Her self-love was offended the more, because she felt that the reproaches which that singular creature unconsciously repeated, were merited. She at last complained to her father of the cobbler's impertinence, for, she said, none but he could have dared to teach the bird such scandal, and requested her father to have the cobbler punished.—At that very moment, she heard the bird repeat: "*Flora is naughty, wicked Flora.*"—"You hear it, Father," she cried in a passion; "surely, you will not suffer your daughter to be insulted in this manner; besides it is not only me that the stupid thing abuses, it also speaks ill of you, of yourself, father!"

"*Flora is a story-teller,*" cried out the bird.

This coincidence, which was merely the effect of chance, increased the rage of the young lady; but at the same time it served to open her father's eyes,—he therefore, knowing his daughter's failings, thought this

a favorable opportunity of correcting her. He said coolly, that he would enquire of the cobbler what all this meant, and left his daughter brooding over her vexation.

A few days after, the captain learned that during his absence from home, Flora's nurse had come to see her, and that Flora in a fit of peevishness, occasioned probably by her being angry with the bird, had received the faithful attendant of her childhood, with the most unfeeling indifference, and the most provoking coldness; that the good woman had been so affected by her manner, that she had gone away in tears, well determined that she would never come again to visit the ungrateful child, whom she had nourished from her own breast, and on whom she had, during several years, lavished the kindest care and attention.

Martha (this was the name of the good nurse,) had concealed her grief and tears from the people of the house, out of regard to Flora's character; but on her return to her native village, she could not help expressing her disappointment to some of her neighbours, whose gossiping soon brought the

account of what had passed to the captain's ears. Indignant at his daughter's unkind conduct, and wishing to give her a salutary lesson, the veteran sent privately for his neighbour the cobbler, and arranged with him the manner in which to carry his intention into effect.

One afternoon, that he had several friends assembled at his house, they went out in the veranda to enjoy the cool of the evening; the jackdaw hearing the voices of the visitors just above his cage, began chattering with all his might. One of the guests paid some compliments to the captain's daughter, addressing her by her name; the bird immediately cried out "*Flora is naughty, wicked Flora.*"

"Who is it?" enquired some one of the company, "that dares to insult this young lady?"

"It is that nasty bird you see just below," replied Flora, her face crimson with passion, "he uses me in this manner every day; but whatever he may say, people, I hope, know my real worth."

"*A shilling, just a shilling!*" cried out the

jack-daw, who was going on through his catalogue of sayings.

Flora bit her lips, she could hardly keep herself from crying.—“You hear it now,” she said to her father, “that good for nothing cobbler, because I wished to buy his bird, has been teaching him all sorts of scandal against me,—a parcel of wicked stories.”

“*Martha has been crying,*” cried out the bird very distinctly, “*poor Martha, poor nurse !*”

At these words, Flora turned deadly pale, and lost all her assurance.

“*Poor nurse,*” cried out again the bird, “*Martha has been crying, Flora is naughty, a shilling in all ;*” and went on chattering in this manner.

“Do you think the bird is telling stories now?” asked the captain, addressing his daughter with a stern look ?”

“No father,” exclaimed the conscience-struck girl, all in tears;—“I see it is you, who want to punish me for a fault, which weighed upon my heart, and which I will now confess before the whole company. I behaved rudely, unkindly, cruelly,

to my good nurse, to whom I owe my health, if not my life. I thought that my error, which was owing to the caprice of the moment, would remain unknown to every one, and I was thinking how to make secret reparation for it; but I now feel grateful to that bird, for having furnished me with an opportunity of showing publicly my repentance.—Father, I will go to-morrow, if you will allow me, to see poor nurse, and ask her forgiveness for my offence. I am now more than ever pleased with the jack-daw, for the severe, but just lesson he has given me.”

The captain was happy in seeing the good effect produced by his stratagem. He embraced his daughter, whom all the company applauded for her good resolution.

Next morning the captain went out himself with Flora, to Martha's village—the good woman readily forgave her dear foster daughter, whom she accompanied to town, for the purpose of spending a few days with her. Flora, on her arrival home; found the jack-daw installed in the parlour in a fine new cage, and was saluted by him with the words “*Flora is good, charming Flora!*”

TEMPTATIONS.

MRS. STANLEY, a lady who had formerly occupied a distinguished rank in society, found herself, by the death of her husband, deprived at once of her whole income. She had an only daughter, Euphemia, then about twelve years of age, and having none but distant relations, to whom she did not wish to be burthensome, she determined to provide, through her own labour, for the subsistence of herself and child. With this view she retired to a small country town, where, being out of the sphere of her former acquaintances, she might live according to her limited means in obscurity and retirement. She resorted to her needle, and her daughter assisted her in her task.

Euphemia was a sensible girl, and of a mild disposition; she cherished the most affectionate remembrance of her father, and having shared in her mother's distress after his death, she now rejoiced to see her comparatively easy and contented. Euphemia had at first some difficulty in accustoming herself to the privations inseparable from her new situation; she felt reluctant at supplying the place of a servant maid; but seeing her mother cheerfully resigned to her lot, her own courage became strengthened by the example, and she did every thing in her power to spare her mother as much of the household drudgery as she could.

Mrs. Stanley experienced a real comfort in seeing this behaviour of her darling child. Her satisfaction, however, was occasionally clouded by anxiety for her daughter's future destiny, but for this she trusted to Providence, in whom she had been early accustomed to place an entire confidence.

Euphemia was naturally cheerful; and enjoyed that full elasticity of spirits, which is attendant on youth and innocence: she smiled; she sung, and her mother, who was

still young, and had a good voice, accompanied her. In the evening, when the weather was fine, they walked out together in the fields, and this relaxation was rendered sweeter to them by the labours of the day. Euphemia was happy; she had no fictitious wants, and as she employed all her time in useful occupations, she had no leisure to feel *ennui*, which is the torment of the idle.

By dint of economy, Mrs. Stanley contrived to make her slender income adequate to her expences, and to keep herself above want. But, unfortunately, after some time, the anxiety of her mind, and the fatigues of this new mode of life, brought upon her a dangerous and protracted illness, the extra expences of which absorbed the little she had saved, and left her completely destitute just at the epoch of her convalescence, and before she could resume her employment. Euphemia had not been able to work during this time, having been constantly engaged in attending her mother.

These two interesting persons found themselves at last so straitened for want of means to support themselves, that one day, the first time Mrs. Stanley felt herself able to walk

out of doors, she resolved to go with her daughter to a village, about five miles from the place where they lived, to request payment of some money, which was due to her for work she had done and delivered previous to her illness.

They set out early in the morning, and as they were leaving the town, Jane, a servant maid in a neighbouring family, whose mother lived in the village to which Mrs. Stanley was going, came up to her and begged she would deliver to her mother a sovereign, which she had saved out of her wages. Mrs. Stanley received the money, promised to deliver it, and continued her journey.

Euphemia was so cheered by the morning air, that she forgot her situation and her troubles, and began to saunter about in the fields to the right and left of the road, and was running before her mother, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the latter, who reminded her that they had ten miles to walk that day. The consequence was that Euphemia became overheated, and very thirsty, the sun being extremely powerful. She mentioned it to her mother, who seeing no

appearance of any place where they could get water, told her to be patient, and to walk more gently.

Shortly after Euphemia suddenly uttered a cry of joy. "Mamma; there's a man before us, by the side of the road, selling gooseberries; shall we buy some to refresh ourselves."

"My dear child," answered Mrs. Stanley, "you know that we have no money."

"I thought," replied Euphemia, "that we might get some for a penny or two."

"I have not even a halfpenny, Euphemia."

"But, mamma, perhaps that man can give us change for the sovereign which Jane gave you, and we will make it up out of the money you will get for your work."

"We have no right to borrow any of Jane's money without her permission," replied Mrs. Stanley.

"I am sure, however, that if either Jane or her mother knew how thirsty we are, they would willingly lend us a trifle to buy a few gooseberries."

"My dear child, we cannot be certain of other people's will, and we have no right to

dispose of what does not belong to us. You know that Jane's money is not ours, therefore, it is the same thing as if we had it not." In saying this, Mrs. Stanley passed her arm round her daughter's neck, looking at her wistfully, as if to entreat her not to urge her any more about a thing which she could not do. Euphemia pressed her lips on her mother's hand, and turned her head aside that she might not see the basket of gooseberries, by which they were then passing, and said nothing more.

Some time after Mrs. Stanley asked her daughter whether she was still thirsty.

"Yes, mother; but never mind, I can bear it; I shall not die of it," added Euphemia, with a forced smile. Mrs. Stanley, however, perceived that her daughter was nearly exhausted, from the effects both of heat and thirst.

"Perhaps," said the mother, "we shall find a spring of water at the foot of that hill before us; go and see my child."

Euphemia did so, and looked around her, but could not see any thing except vast corn-fields, without either tree or grass,

or any appearance of water. She was nearly crying out of disappointment; as she returned again towards her mother, her eyes bent in sadness to the ground, she heard the barking of a dog near the spot where they were. She turned to that direction, and discovered a cottage on the other side of the road. She called out to her mother, who told her to go, and see if she could get any water to drink, and that she would follow her.

When Mrs. Stanley arrived at the door of the cottage, she found her daughter had been drinking some small beer, which the good woman who inhabited the house had forced her to take, fearing that water might hurt her, overheated as she was; although Euphemia told her she could not pay for it. Mrs. Stanley was also pressed to drink out of the same jug; having done which, they pursued their way towards the village by a shorter road, which the kind woman pointed out to them.

Euphemia refreshed and revived, congratulated herself upon having found out the cottage.

“Necessity makes us quick sighted,” said Mrs. Stanley; “if you had not been so very thirsty, you would probably have passed the cottage without noticing it.”

“Certainly,” replied Euphemia, “and if we had bought the gooseberries, I should not have had a good draft of beer, which has refreshed me much better.”

As they went on talking thus, they saw a poor woman coming towards them with a child in her arms. Both mother and child looked the living pictures of distress and wretchedness. Frightfully emaciated and squalid, her clothes all in rags, the poor woman was weeping as she looked at her babe, whose head was drooping down as if in the last stage of exhaustion: she asked Mrs. Stanley for some assistance.

“Alas!” said Euphemia, with the most piteous look, “we have not a farthing!”

“Only to get some nourishment for my child, it has had nothing for the last two days; only to save the poor child’s life.”

“I have nothing, absolutely nothing,” said Mrs. Stanley, in the most sorrowful tone of voice.”

The poor woman then sat herself on the ground and continued crying.

Euphemia felt the most acute sensation of grief for the poor woman's distress ; she took her mother's hand, " Oh mother," she said, " shall we let this poor woman and her child die of hunger ; would not this be worse than changing Jane's piece of gold ? We are still near the cottage ; let me go and try to get change."

Mrs. Stanley was startled by her daughter's observation. " Have you forgotten, Euphemia, that this money does not belong to us ; that we have no right to make use of it ?"

Euphemia cried bitterly, but did not reply a single word.

The poor woman seeing they had stopped, walked up to them again. " For mercy's sake," said she, " for the love of your daughter, have pity on my poor child !"

" Tell me," said Mrs. Stanley, " do you think you can walk as far as the next town ?" The poor woman told her that she could ; Mrs. Stanley then took her pocket-book, and tearing out a blank leaf, wrote in pencil a few

lines, which she told the woman to show to the clergyman of the parish, who would probably do something for her.

Euphemia heard the poor woman thank her mother, and she saw her look alternately on her babe and at Mrs. Stanley, as if wishing her child to join her in her thanks. Euphemia, recollecting then that she had in her pocket a piece of bread, which was the remainder of her breakfast, took it out and gave it to the poor woman, who went away blessing them, as she clearly perceived that they had done every thing in their power to relieve her.

Mrs. Stanley and her daughter proceeded on their journey, conversing, as they went, about the poor woman. "You see, my dear," said her mother, "that in life we meet sometimes with very strong temptations!"

"Yes, mother, and so strong, that I don't know how it is possible to resist them."

"It can only be done through a firm principle of duty."

"But mother, suppose you had not known the clergyman, would you have let the poor woman die, rather than borrow part of Jane's money?"

“ I would rather have begged for her myself!” This reply, which proved to Euphemia that there are always proper resources for those who have strength of mind to persevere in the path of duty, re-assured her feeling heart, which had been chilled by the idea of austerity in strictly adhering to certain duties.

Our travellers arrived at last at the village. One of the two persons for whom Mrs. Stanley had done some work lived in the first house on entering the place. Mrs. Stanley’s heart misgave her when she saw the shutters closed ; she however knocked, and was answered by a servant who had remained to take care of the house, and who told her that her mistress had been absent for some time on a visit to her sister, who was ill, and lived about eighty miles off. Euphemia gave her mother a piteous look, yet she said in her heart, “how fortunate that we did not change Jane’s sovereign.”

They proceeded to enquire after the other customer, but they found that she also had left the place, and was not expected to return. One of the neighbours told Mrs. Stanley that the person she enquired after,

was a stranger there, that she had been living in the village only a short time, and now no one knew where she had removed.

On hearing this last, and, to her, fatal answer, Mrs. Stanley sat down on a stone seat by the side of the street. Her daughter saw her turn pale, and lean against the wall, as if she were fainting. In fact, Mrs. Stanley's courage had supported her till then, notwithstanding the weakness resulting from her late illness, and from the exertion of the journey; but now that she saw her last hope upon which she relied, so cruelly disappointed, her strength failed her, and she fell senseless in her daughter's arms.

Euphemia, alarmed, and trembling with grief and anxiety, endeavoured to recall her to her senses, spoke to her, shook her, but all in vain. The poor girl lost her presence of mind; she did not know what to do. She was afraid of leaving her mother to seek for assistance; she did not like to cry aloud, and no one was passing in the street, most of the inhabitants being in the fields at harvest-work.

After some time, the neighbour who had

spoken to them last, happened to look again out of her door. Euphemia called to her, and pointed to her mother; another old woman came by, and they exerted themselves to revive Mrs. Stanley. She opened her eyes at last, and turned to her daughter, who, kneeling by her side, was kissing her hands, and saying, "Mamma, here I am," for at that moment she felt only the pleasure of being conscious that they were still both alive and together.

But how were they to return home? Mrs. Stanley told her daughter that she should soon recover sufficiently to be able to resume her journey, and yet she felt every moment ready to faint again. Every time she closed her eyes, Euphemia turned pale, and was on the point of bursting into tears, yet she restrained herself for fear of adding to her mother's distress; she folded her hands, and ejaculated in a half-whisper: "Oh! what will become of us—how can my mother return home?"

One of the neighbours told them there would be a coach passing that way in an hour's time; but Euphemia well knew that

they had no money to pay for their places, besides which her mother could not recover her strength without taking some refreshment. Yet the idea of changing Jane's sovereign did not again enter into her mind, but she thought that Jane's mother might perhaps lend them a few shillings out of it. Pleased with the thought, she forgot her timidity ; she sought in her mother's purse for the money, and asking Mrs. Stanley's leave, who could only answer by a sign of the head, she begged one of the neighbours to show her the way to Jane's mother's. She ran, rather than walked, her heart throbbing with hope. On arriving at the door ; it was locked ! Jane's mother had gone to reap in a field several miles off, and would not come back till next day.

Euphemia gazed at the face of the person who gave her this information, but she did not speak ; her heart was too full, and her ideas were so bewildered as to prevent her feeling the distress of her situation. She turned back slowly, looking anxiously around for some one of whom she might beg for assistance, but she saw only a few old people, whose

appearance bespoke more poverty than her own although she felt at that moment that none of them was so unhappy and helpless as herself.

On approaching the spot where she had left her mother, Euphemia heard the crack of a postillion's whip ; a private carriage with post horses drew near, and filling up the narrow street, obliged Euphemia and her guide to step on one side. The carriage drew up before the inn of the village. A lady and her husband, their daughter and a servant maid alighted. The lady had a marked expression of goodness on her countenance ; her daughter was apparently of Euphemia's age : the gentleman said to some poor people who seemed to know him, and were suing for relief : " We don't give alms here ; but if you come to the hall, you shall have both work and food."

On hearing these words, Euphemia was struck with a new idea. She ran to the inn door, and threw herself in the way of the newly arrived lady, who was at that moment entering the house ; but scarcely was she in the lady's presence, when her resolution failed her, she cast down her eyes, and could not speak.

Lady Allingham, seeing before her a young girl decently dressed, and in tears, asked her mildly what she wanted of her. Euphemia hesitated, muttered something indistinctly ; but at last, recollecting her mother, who was waiting anxiously for her return, she made an effort to speak, and with her hands clasped, and without venturing to look Lady Allingham in the face, she merely uttered these words : “ Please to let me have some work too ! ”

“ Some work—with all my heart, child ; but what sort of work ?—Who are you, my dear ? ”

Euphemia could not find words to answer. Lady Allingham’s daughter drew near her, and in the most encouraging manner whispered to her “ Do speak out to Mamma ! ” Euphemia then replied : “ But I want to be paid something before hand, for my mother is ill and in great distress, and afterwards I will work for you as long as you please.” She stopped short and looked abashed. Lady Allingham asked her several questions. Euphemia related to her how destitute her mother was ; but while she spoke, the sovereign

which she had in her hand fell to the ground. This accident appeared to contradict all she had been relating about her distress. Lady Allingham's daughter took up the money, and returned it to Euphemia, blushing for what she thought a want of honesty in the young suppliant.

"Child," said Lady Allingham, reproachfully, "why did you tell me that you had no money?"

"It is not our money," replied Euphemia with simplicity; "it has been entrusted to my mother to be delivered to a stranger, therefore we cannot make use of it."

The young lady Eleanor affected at the appearance of ingenuousness in Euphemia's tone and manner, looked at her mother, who, taking the agitated girl by the hand, desired her to lead the way to where she had left her mother. At this moment Lord Allingham, who had been absent during this conversation, entered the room leading in Mrs. Stanley.

Lord Allingham had known this lady in former times, having met her in several of the fashionable circles of the metropolis; he now introduced her to his wife, who at once, and

without ceremony, invited Mrs. Stanley to accompany them to their house for a few days, until she was perfectly recovered, as she appeared extremely weak and reduced in health. Mrs. Stanley looked at Euphemia, as if to consult her opinion, and seeing in her daughter's eyes a sign of joyful acquiescence, and that lady Eleanor had already taken possession of her arm, with an air of affectionate intimacy, she thankfully accepted Lady Allingham's offer. They then stepped into the carriage, and proceeded to Lord Allingham's mansion, which was but a short distance from thence. Euphemia could not contain herself for joy in seeing her dear mother seated in a comfortable carriage, and surrounded by persons who showed every attention to her; what a difference in their situation in the course of one short hour!

Next morning Mrs. Stanley sent the money to Jane's mother, and she saw herself quietly established at Lady Allingham's. She only wanted rest and peace of mind to regain her strength, so that she soon found herself perfectly recovered. Lady A. proposed to her to remain with them altogether, deli-

cately insinuating, that living as they did in the country, the addition of her company and Euphemia's was to them a valuable acquisition. She added that her assistance would be of great use in the education of her daughter.

Mrs. Stanley, although she felt at first some scruples of delicacy, accepted the offer, principally for the sake of her daughter. Euphemia, pleased with the society of Lady Allingham, and having formed an intimate friendship with her amiable daughter, whose constant companion she became, often rejoiced with her mother on the happy turn their affairs had taken when they appeared to be at the very worst, and she observed that it would not have been so, had they yielded to the temptation of changing Jane's money. "We did our duty, Mamma, and God has rewarded us."

"My dear child," said Mrs. Stanley, "our present situation is a benefit of God rather than a reward."

"Why so, mother?"

"Because it is not by bestowing upon us worldly gifts, but by the approbation of our

conscience, and the satisfaction of having done our duty, that God rewards us. Our poet says--

“ What nothing earthly gives or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy
Is virtue's prize.”*

“ There are many persons who obtain no worldly recompense, although they have to sustain much harder trials than ours have been, for, as the same writer remarks :

“ — Sometimes virtue starves, while vice is fed.
What then?—Is the reward of virtue bread?”*

“ Still, Mamma, it is because we have done our duty that we find ourselves in a much better situation at present.”

“ Yes, Euphemia, and this must often be the case, and for very simple reasons. Those who are not afraid of straying from their duty in the pursuit of their wishes, will often neglect lawful means to supply their wants and improve their condition. But in the end they generally find themselves disappointed ;

they incur the disapprobation of their fellow creatures, and also at times, the penalties of the law; and even when they do succeed, their conscience will not let them rest in peace, to enjoy the fruits of their ill-gotten wealth. Whilst those who are afraid of failing in their duties, use their best efforts, and set to work all the energies of their minds, in order to succeed in their honest exertions, according to the precept of the Gospel:—*Seek, and ye shall find.*

“Thus,” interrupted Euphemia, “if when I saw you so ill in that village, I had thought myself authorized to borrow part of Jane’s money, I should not have applied to Lady Allingham, and we should not have been so comfortable as we are at present.”

Some time after, the poor woman, whom they had met with her child in their disastrous journey, came to visit Mrs. Stanley; the child was better, and her own looks were much improved. The clergyman, to whom Mrs. Stanley recommended her, had assisted her, and procured her work at a neighbouring manufactory. She came to express her thanks to her benefactress, and to show

her child to Euphemia, who, she said, had saved it from death.

“Mother,” said Euphemia, as soon as the woman was gone, “it was also because you would not change Jane’s sovereign, that, by directing this poor woman to the worthy clergyman, you have been the means of procuring her more effectual and lasting relief.”

THE THUNDER-STORM.

IN one of the inferior states of Germany, not far from the residence of its sovereign, stood an elegant villa, whose owner, a person of considerable property, died, and left it to his only daughter. Adelaide Senfeld lived with her aunt, an infirm old lady, who seldom left her apartment. The young lady, therefore, although but fifteen, yet being possessed of a commanding figure and high spirits, acted as the real mistress of the house, and did the honours of it.

One stormy afternoon the drawing-room bell was repeatedly and violently agitated; the servants hurried to obey the summons of their young mistress, who distributed her commands with great rapidity: "Hanne, go and shut

the windows of the second floor.—Maria, my canary birds should all be in doors in such weather.—Conrad, bring in the chairs and stools from the terrace.—Luise, run to the garden and look for my little dog; if he is not there, seek for him everywhere about the grounds; what would become of my sweet Carlo, if he were to remain out during the storm?" The servants departed on their respective errands.

Every thing portended a dreadful storm; black clouds covered the sky; the wind drove about the fallen leaves, and big heavy drops of rain fell at intervals. The first explosion of thunder, loud and lengthened, was just heard, as Luise brought in the little dog, and was pushing it gently towards the drawing-room, where her mistress was sitting with a book in her hand. Hearing a rustling noise behind her, Luise turned round and saw a strange woman standing before her. She appeared to be between fifty and sixty years of age, and though cleanly, was dressed extremely plain.

"Whom do you want, madam?" asked Luise.

“No one,” replied the unknown, “I am only seeking for shelter against the storm.”

“Indeed,” replied Luise, “you seem to make pretty free with other people’s houses. You might have contented yourself with remaining under the vestibule in front of the house.”

“That would have been poor shelter indeed! Surely you would not keep a stranger outside of your door in such weather! The wind is raging furiously in every direction; I am afraid of thunder, and I really do not find myself in security even here in this anti-room, and by your leave shall go into the inner apartments.” Saying thus, the old lady was softly pushing aside Luise with her hand, to make room for her to pass into the drawing room.

“What are you doing, mistress?” said the astonished Luise, “you cannot go in there.”

“Give me leave to pass.”

“You have already come too far.”

“What is the matter?” cried out Miss Senfeld, who from her drawing room heard something of this dialogue going on outside of the door.

“Why, madam, here is a woman who, having found the hall door open, has taken the liberty to come in, and not satisfied with this, now seems willing to take possession of your own apartment.”

“This is strange,” exclaimed Miss Senfeld, showing herself at the door.

“It were strange truly,” said the unknown, “if I had any such pretensions; but I only beg you to allow me to sit in a corner of your apartment, while this storm lasts. You will excuse me, if finding the outer-door open, I have entered freely—meeting no one I could ask leave of, and being confused by the noise of the thunder, I hardly knew what I was about.”

“Oh! madam,” sharply replied Miss Senfeld, who never let an opportunity escape of mortifying those whom she thought her inferiors, “we should not allow any thing so to bewilder, us as to make us forget ourselves and behave improperly.”

“I hope I have not behaved improperly, madam.”

“I crave your pardon,—you have forgotten yourself completely on this occasion.

This is the way however, with persons deficient in education and manners."

"Miss, your reflections surprise me."—

"I shall add to my reflections, the request that you will leave my house instantly. You must learn that this is not the proper way to behave towards persons of respectability."

"I also am used to meet, now and then, persons of respectability, and even of rank; and I am persuaded, that in a case like this, they would not rebuke me so harshly."

"Oh! oh! *madame*, is then in the habit of meeting with persons of quality?—perhaps in the anti-rooms? Well, the anti-room is then your proper place,"—and Miss Senfeld while saying this, motioned for the stranger to withdraw.

"Allow me, Miss, to stay but a few moments."

"Come, come, please to walk out."

"What," said the unknown indignantly, "you have provided for the safety of your dog and of your birds, and you will turn a fellow creature, an old woman, out of doors."

“ My fellow creature indeed ! come, let us end this conversation, the weather is not now so bad ;”—meantime, Miss Senfeld was gradually pushing the stranger before her, towards the house door.

The servants whom the novelty of the scene had attracted to the spot, followed their mistress—eyeing the stranger with impertinent curiosity. The latter, while she was moving on towards the door, said to Miss Senfeld, “ I could have wished, Miss, to owe you a freely offered hospitality, I am sorry for your sake, that you have refused it to me.”

“ Indeed, madam, you seem to take an unnecessary concern in my conduct.”

“ I am sorry to find such want of feeling ; so much hard-heartedness, in a young lady like you, towards an aged person—perhaps you may yourself feel sorry for it hereafter.”

While this dialogue was going on, the stranger and Miss Senfeld had reached the hall. A servant was opening the house door to let the stranger out, when a gentleman stepped in, who by his rich dress and the decorations he wore, appeared to belong to the

suite of the sovereign, whose subject Miss Senfeld was. He addressed himself to this young lady without observing the stranger, who had quietly retired behind the servants. "Madam," he said, to Miss Senfeld, "I and the rest of the retinue of her serene Highness, the princess sovereign, are in the greatest anxiety for the safety of our mistress.—Her highness stepped out of her carriage at a short distance from hence, wishing to walk through the forest, and we were following at a distance, when the storm broke out; all at once we lost sight of the princess, and could not find her any where; I imagined that she might perhaps have taken shelter in this house."

"Most happy should I have been," replied Miss Senfeld, "if her serene highness had honoured my dwelling with her presence; we have not, however, had the good fortune of seeing her."

"You might," replied the gentleman, "have seen her without noticing her; she dresses very plain, and you would not suspect her rank."

At this moment the unknown stranger

stepping forward, "however simply dressed;" she said, fixing her eyes on Miss Senfeld, "she would have found a ready asylum in a house so conspicuous for the hospitality of its owner."—At the first sound of these words, the gentleman advanced eagerly but respectfully towards the princess, for such she was, "your highness!" he exclaimed, "we have been in the greatest anxiety for your safety, how happy am I to find you here at last!"

The princess took the arm of her chamberlain and walked slowly out of the house.

Miss Senfeld confused and ashamed, not knowing what to say or do, feeling that her offence was beyond reparation, and trembling for the consequences, was following mechanically, her eyes fixed on the ground.—As they descended the steps, the carriage of the princess drove up, surrounded by her guards. Before her highness stepped in, she turned round towards Miss Senfeld, and said in a tone of serious but kind admonition. "Young lady, do not fear that I shall take any further notice of your conduct this day towards me; but let it be

a lesson to you for the future.—Do not refuse another time to listen or to afford an asylum to the stranger who may happen to request it civilly at your door ; and let not your kindness be measured according to the dress of the applicant. Woe to those who judge of persons by their dress, thereby exposing themselves to commit the most mortifying mistakes ;—plain clothes often conceal merit and sometimes rank, while rich vestments frequently cover nothing but folly, ignorance and meanness.”

SELF-INFLICTED CORRECTION.



Mr. WHARTON, a retired merchant, was left in his old age with only one daughter out of several children he had had. Katharine was the object of her father's tenderness, his companion, and the comfort of his declining years. Having been deprived of her mother at an early age, and left to the care of an old governess, she had contracted the pernicious habit of doing every thing according to the whim of the moment, of following the dictates of her unruly imagination, and though hardly in her teens, she took upon herself the supreme command over all her father's household.

This overbearing propensity was increased by her father's indulgence, and grew at last

to an intolerable extent. If a servant happened to forget some trifling commission, the young lady had entrusted to him, she upbraided him in the most humiliating terms. If another was a minute too slow in answering the summons of her bell, it was an unpardonable crime for which he received a thousand reproaches, and even was threatened with being turned away. If Katharine's maid, when lacing her stays, missed a single hole, her mistress, flushed with passion and stamping her feet, would cry out "you are the most awkward creature—quite beyond bearing."—Was she making her toilet, her curls either came too low, or were too much on one side, and annoyed her. Did the dress-maker bring a new gown, it was ill-shaped, did not fit her, the waist was too long or too short, the sleeves were not sufficiently plaited, &c. It was still worse with her shoes, they were either too tight or too long, they spoiled her feet, pinched her, and so on. The servants who waited at table had more trouble with her than with any other person in the company, they were never quick enough in changing her plate,

they did not fill her glass in time, or filled it too much. In short nothing seemed to please her, and with the exception of her father, there was no one near her, who had not frequent occasions to complain of the peevishness and perverseness of her disposition.

The frequent repetition of scenes of this sort at last tired out all the domestics in the house; most of them complained to Mr. Wharton, and expressed a wish to quit his service, however they regretted to leave so good a master. The latter, who grieved in his heart for his daughter's improper behaviour, wished to recall her to a more reasonable line of conduct, by an easy method, of which he had been thinking for some time. He told his domestics not to pay any attention to the clamour, nor to the rebukes of his daughter, but to answer her by an obsequious smile, and never to obey her orders, when given in a supercilious tone and manner. Mr. Wharton's directions were punctually obeyed.

When Katharine called for any of the servants in her usual overbearing manner, no one answered her; if she put a question to

any of them, or gave orders with an imperious air, she saw every one smile, turn round, and desert her. Overcome with vexation, unable to understand this mysterious behaviour, she complained of it to her father, expecting that he would discharge those who had dared to fail in their respect to her; but Mr. Wharton replied to her coolly and pointedly: "I have also observed, my daughter, that all our servants are determined to obey you no longer; but is not this rather your fault than theirs?—I have often remarked your want of regard, your harshness towards them; even your old faithful governess is not better treated than the rest; although perhaps she minds it less than the others, as she is used to you from your infancy, and has the tenderness of a mother for you. The surest means of being punctually served, is to make our dependants feel a pleasure in fulfilling their duty to us. I can prove this to you by an immediate example:—I am the master of this house, and I have of course the first right to command here; but I have always endeavoured that my servants should not feel this; and yet, they are as devoted to me

as they seem indifferent towards you," In saying this, Mr. Wharton pulled the bell violently, and in a moment several of his servants hastened to answer the call. Housemaid, footman, coachman, and even the old governess, all made their appearance to enquire anxiously after their master's wants. He soon found means to dismiss them under some pretence or another, and then continued to comment on the truth of what he had stated to his daughter. She however, in a fit of peevishness declared that she would not in future address a single word to the servants, and would dispense altogether with their services; "let those who will employ them, submit to their caprice; I will not allow any one of them, not even the old governess, to enter my apartment."

"This is the surest means of not being interrupted in your occupations," coolly replied Mr. Wharton.

"I shall do every thing myself, make my bed, arrange my room, attend to my toilet, all by myself."

"In this manner you will have every thing done exactly according to your fancy," replied her father.

“ I intend also, that none of the servants shall wait upon me at table, and I will have a dumbwaiter placed by me upon which I may find all that I want.”

“ I willingly subscribe to your plan, my dear, and will give orders accordingly.”

“ How happy I shall be, to be able to shew to these people that I can manage without them, and that all masters might do the same, and save thereby the expence of feeding a crowd of idle fellows, giving them wages, and loading them with presents which are often repaid with ingratitude.”

“ I wish, Katharine, that you may succeed in giving them a lesson,” replied Mr. Wharton composedly.

That very day Katharine began to act upon her new system. At dinner she changed her own plates, filled her glass, cut her bread, looking askance at the servants who stood near the table, and who seemed surprised at the novelty of the scene. Katharine, however, broke a decanter, and a china plate, and spilt some red wine on the table cloth.—Her father merely observed with his accustomed kindness, “ we must all go

through an apprenticeship before we can get used to any new situation."

Returning from the theatre, in the evening, Katharine carefully folded her shawl, and put by her gloves and bonnet. The maid entered her room to assist her to put her hair in paper, and unlace her stays, as she was used to do every night.

"I have no occasion for you," said Katherine sharply to her; "I have put on stays which are laced in front; I shall arrange all that is necessary for my toilette, and put on my curling papers myself; yes, I shall do it myself, however you may simper."

The good old governess appeared soon after, according to custom, in order to assist Katherine in undressing for the night. Katherine refused her assistance, and dismissed her bluntly, notwithstanding all the kind remonstrances of this affectionate attendant.

Next morning, to the great surprise of the people of the house, and of Mr. Wharton himself, young Katherine was seen sweeping the floor of her apartments, dusting the furniture, making her bed, &c. In doing this, however, she broke a looking-glass, tore

some drapery, and upset a lamp on the carpet; but her father hearing of her mishap, told her, with his usual good nature, "In every thing we undertake, practice is necessary to make us perfect."

Katharine tried afterwards to light her fire. She put up the coals and wood well enough: she struck a light by means of her flint and steel, lighted the tinder; and succeeded in making her fire burn. She did not do all this, however, without hurting her hand with the steel, and burning her fingers. She was also near setting fire to the rug, but her father coming into the room in time, condescended to assist her, and calmly repeated, "We must get used to a thing before we can succeed in it."

At dinner time, Katharine made her appearance in the drawing-room, where she found several guests already assembled, who were struck with the disorder of her dress. Her frock was all on one side, her stays were too high up, her tippet was thrown upon one shoulder leaving the other bare, her sash was tied clumsily behind. But that which particularly struck those who were in the habit of

seeing Katharine and admiring the taste of her usual head-dress, was now seeing her hair out of curl, hanging over her face, and before her fine eyes, which gave her such an extraordinary appearance, that a general titter ran round the assembly. Mr. Wharton with great coolness explained to his friends the new plan of the young reformer, affecting an air of serious importance, which his hearers assumed likewise.

Katharine however had been deeply mortified at the effect produced by her appearance, and in looking at herself in the glass, her vexation was increased. She could not conceal from herself that she looked frightful, and this was too great a trial even for her fortitude.

On retiring to her apartment for the night, Katharine in order to avoid a repetition of the same mortifying scene, put her hair carefully in paper, and then pressed the curls repeatedly with the irons. In doing this she burnt her forehead and one of her ears, but she comforted herself with the idea of showing, next day, that she could dress her hair better than any chamber-maid or hair-dresser.

What then was her dismay next morning on taking off her cap, to see all her curling-papers fall on the floor, each with the curl of hair contained in it. In great trepidation she put her hand to her head, ran to the mirror and beheld!—her beautiful locks singed by the too hot irons, and her once fine head of hair entirely spoiled. She uttered a shriek of despair, which brought to the room some of the servants and Mr. Wharton himself. The latter could not help smiling when he saw his daughter's head half shorn, with only a few tufts of hair here and there partly singed, forming a strange contrast with Katharine's pretty face, of which a few days before they were the principal ornament.

Katharine was obliged to have her head shaved, and wear a wig for more than six months. She then discovered that it is impossible to live in a state of society without the assistance of those who compose it. She confessed all the wrongs she had been guilty of, towards the persons belonging to her father's household, begged of them to forget the past, and became from that time as mild and indulgent, as she had been till then,

fastidious and overbearing. All the servants resumed their accustomed services to her, and every one of them, finding in Katharine's kind behaviour the reward of his zeal and assiduity, redoubled his eagerness to execute her orders, and to meet her least desires.

After a certain time, Katharine's hair grew again, and the wig was put aside; she soon became more handsome than ever, especially as an air of mildness and satisfaction added to her charms: the only trace of her former folly consisted of a slight scar on her forehead, made by the curling-irons, the mark of which remained during her life; every time Katharine saw herself in the glass and perceived this mark, she remembered her father's words: "We cannot ourselves do every thing we wish; in whatever situation we may be, we must depend upon our fellow creatures, for a thousand wants, and therefore we ought to repay their services by kindness and gratitude."

MAMMA'S LITTLE GIRL.

LOUIS XVI. king of France, a prince known in history for his misfortunes as well as for the goodness of his heart, was walking one day with his consort, in the neighbourhood of one of the royal residences, unattended by any of his retinue. A young girl about eight years of age, not knowing his rank, accosted him and implored his charity.

“ Who are you ?” said the king, putting a piece of silver in her hand, and telling her at the same time he did not give her that money to lose at play, or to spend it with other children.

“ Oh ! no, sir, I am *mamma's little girl*, and it is for her I am begging your charity.”

“ Be it so, I shall find out whether you have told me the truth.”

The king who on that morning was going to visit one of his charitable establishments, and was in some haste, continued his walk and forgot the occurrence.

A few days after, Louis was out again in that neighbourhood, and he met the same girl. "Oh! I recollect you," he said to her—"Well! how is your mother?"

"Sir, she has heartily blessed you, as well as madame, for your kindness to me. With the money you gave me, I bought a joint of meat, and made some good broth for her, and she has been much better since."

"Your mother then is ill?"

"Yes sir, she has been ill these last six months."

"Show us the way to your home, I want to see whether you tell me the truth."

"Come sir, follow me and you will see," cried out the little girl looking half offended, as she led the way to a house in a narrow lane, where her mother lived in a wretched room up four pair of stairs. In ascending the stair-case, the queen was obliged to stop repeatedly, in order to take breath. "Courage, my dear," said the king to her

smiling; "these are so many steps in the road towards lasting happiness."

They found the mother of the little mendicant in a miserable garret, the walls and ceiling of which were damp with the rain, she was lying on a mattress with only a few rags to cover her. The king and his consort shuddered at the sight of so much misery.

"Mamma!" cried out the little girl on entering the room, "these are the gentleman and lady who gave me the money to buy you meat the other day, they would come to see whether I told them a story."

"Oh sir! madam!" said the poor woman, trying to raise her head, "accept my sincere thanks and believe"——

"What!" said the king deeply affected, and forgetting at the moment his incognito, "do you receive no assistance in your situation? Yet there are funds destined for the relief of the poor, and especially the sick; I give every year considerable funds for the purpose."

On hearing these words, pronounced in a burst of grief and indignation, the poor woman made another effort to raise her head, to look

at the strangers, but no sooner had she fixed her eyes upon them, than she fell backwards, and raising her hands she faintly ejaculated "heavens! it is the king, and the queen!" She could say no more: her daughter, clapping her hands, screamed out with joy and surprize, when the king recollecting himself, put his hand before her mouth, and told her not to make any noise. "Here is some money," he added, taking some gold out of his purse and placing it on a chair; "get yourself a good bed, buy some linen, send for a doctor, take nourishing food, and be calm, I shall not forsake you. But avoid as much as possible to mention from whom you have obtained relief."

Louis, and his queen though they did not fear the contagion of the disease, could not remain long in the sick room. The poor woman was so overpowered, as not to have strength to thank them. Her daughter followed the illustrious visitors to the house door, and there stopping at the king's express desire, she continued to look after them, courtesying until they turned the corner of the street.

Both Louis, and his consort, were deeply

affected, and they communicated their thoughts to each other, as they walked on arm in arm. "I forgot," said the king, "to enquire of that poor woman the cause of her present distress, but however, I have promised, and shall keep my word, I will not forsake her."

"Nor I,—I shall not forsake her neither," added the queen.

"Our condition appears to guarantee us from misfortune," said Louis, "but if ever we should experience adversity, the recollection of moments like these, would prove our greatest consolation."

"It would support me," said the queen, "in the most cruel trials to which fortune at times exposes those who are born to a throne." Alas! these words were remembered as prophetic some years afterwards.

Three days after this adventure, the magistrate of the district in which the little girl and her mother lived, solicited an audience of the king. Having obtained it, he told his majesty that a poor woman in his district, who had been for some time in a state of indigence, and lived on charity, was seen of late making

a considerable expenditure, that she paid in gold ; this had occasioned much suspicion in the neighbourhood. “ In consequence of various reports on the subject,” the magistrate added, “ I went yesterday to this poor woman’s house, and found her ill, or pretending to be so ; I insisted upon her telling me where she got her money, but it was not without much hesitation, and after I had used every inducement and even threats, that she named you, sire, as her benefactor. Will your majesty please to direct me what to do ?”

“ Where does this woman live ?” asked Louis.

The magistrate described her residence.

“ Do not,” said the king, “ molest her, she is under my protection, and only told you the truth. But what does she do with her money ?”

“ She employs it in buying furniture, and linen, she has also sent for a physician.”

“ What character has she in the neighbourhood ?”

“ She is generally respected, and much

pitied; she was very industrious until the time when illness confined her to her bed."

"Then please to go, sir, and re-assure her; give her this purse from me, and tell her I am satisfied with her conduct."

Another week elapsed, during which the poor woman improved in her health, and became able to walk about her room. One morning she heard a knock at her door; and on opening it, was surprised at again seeing the king.

"Well," said Louis, "are you better now?"

"Thanks to your kind assistance, Sire, I am recovering health every day, though still a little weak."

"I wish to see you fully re-established. Tell me, before you fell into the state of distress in which I found you, what was your situation in life?"

"Sire, my husband rented a small farm, about fifteen miles from hence, and we lived upon the produce of our industry; bad harvests and the hail-storm of last year ruined us, we were unable to pay our rent, our lease expired, and we were turned out. My husband died broken hearted. I continued to support

my daughter and myself by working in different houses, but I was taken ill, and my child in her turn endeavoured to support me by soliciting charity. Without her I should have starved, and through her means I have gained your majesty's kind interest in my favour."

"Your good girl excited both in the queen and me, an interest from the beginning. I suppose from what you have just told me, that you understand the management of a farm."

"Quite well, sire."

"As soon as your strength will allow you, take this letter to the person to whom it is addressed, and you will find employment to your satisfaction. Take courage, you will soon be perfectly recovered."

"Your goodness, sire, has already done much towards effecting my cure."

"Well, take care of *mamma's little girl*, even for my sake. She has a good heart, and I am persuaded you may make something of her; you see God does not forsake honest people."

Next morning the poor woman went to the place where the king's letter was addressed.

It was a farm house. She knocked at the door; and when it was opened, she saw two or three servants busy arranging the furniture. A gentleman in a plain dress, but whose manner bespoke a person of rank, came forward to receive the letter. After reading it, "madam," he said, "you are here in your own house;" at the same time he delivered to her a bundle of papers: he then bowed, and mounting his horse which stood ready at the door, rode away.

The bundle of papers contained the conveyance for the purchase of the farm in the name of the poor woman.

Her joy and thankfulness may be easily imagined. She was soon settled with her darling child in their new habitation.

Some months after, towards the end of the summer, and before the time when grapes appear in the markets of the capital, a young country girl came to the royal residence with a basket full of beautiful grapes, intended as a present to the king.

The guards at first refused to let her pass, but the girl told them with an air of confidence that the king knew her very well, that they

had only to tell him it was *mamma's little girl*, and she was certain the king would see her. This appeared curious to one of the officers, and he proceeded to make his report accordingly. Louis, who happened to be with his consort, when he was apprised of the circumstance, gave orders after a moment's consideration, that the country girl should be introduced.

She entered, and kneeling down offered her basket of grapes to the queen, saying it was intended as an offering of respectful gratitude from her mother, who had mentioned this as her last wish.

"How," said the queen, "your mother"—

"She is now," replied the poor girl, "in the presence of the Almighty, offering prayers for her benefactors. She died six weeks ago, of an illness which was the consequence of her former privations and anxieties." Here the affectionate girl burst into tears.

The kind Louis, and his amiable consort, endeavoured to assuage the poor girl's grief, and before they dismissed her, gave her new marks of their beneficence, and promised to visit her farm, which they frequently did

afterwards. Often in their rides about the neighbourhood of their palace, they left their carriage to walk, and the queen would smilingly say to her husband: "Let us go and see *mamma's little girl*;" and when they were arrived near the farm, they used to leave their attendants, and frequently did not rejoin them for an hour, which time was spent by the illustrious couple in that humble dwelling.

The blows of adversity fell however unexpectedly upon the royal pair, and their misfortunes were such as to make the peasant appear happy in comparison with them. In the hour of trial they were forsaken by many of those whom they had benefited, but *mamma's little girl* remained faithful to the last. She used to bring them the early fruit of each season, that she might have an opportunity of occasionally seeing them. That self-instructed girl felt, that gratitude to our benefactors ought to be manifested especially in the time of their misfortunes, and that those who then forget the obligations they owe, are the most despicable of beings.

The fatal day arrived at last on which this

ill-fated princess was doomed to follow her already murdered husband to the scaffold. The multitude treated the illustrious victim, whilst in the fatal cart, with every kind of insult and indignity : the wretches seemed to take a pleasure in rendering her last moments more agonizing ; all at once, as if to support her courage in that trying moment, she heard a voice from the croud, saying, “ remember the good you have done,” and her eyes at the same time met those of the country girl, who, regardless of her own danger, had mixed with the ruffian crowd, in order to see her benefactress for the last time. Hundreds of arms were uplifted in a moment against the heroic girl. “ She is my benefactress !” was her only answer, “ she is my benefactress !” and she repeated it two or three times fainter, and fainter, until at last she fell senseless to the ground. Her feminine strength was not proof against the heart-rending scene she had witnessed.

Those who had crowded around her, and had just before threatened to tear her to pieces, now stepped back involuntarily at the sight of this victim of gratitude and affection.

Villains as they were, they were seized with a sensation of awe. One or two persons more humane than the rest, endeavoured to raise the unfortunate girl, but her spirit was fled;—she had preceded her benefactress, by a few moments only, to another and a better world.

Thus were verified the almost prophetic words of the queen, that “the remembrance of a good deed would support her in the most cruel trials to which those who are born to a throne can be exposed.” She had the satisfaction of finding *that* support and consolation, even at the scaffold.

THE INDEPENDENT BOY.

MR. SAUMAREZ one day entered his son's apartment, and found him in a violent fit of passion with his preceptor, to whom he was saying ; " Well, since I must obey you, I must, as you are the stronger ; but I declare to you that I dont acknowledge in you any right to enforce obedience, and I shall look upon you as a tyrant and an oppressor."

As Alfred said this, he turned suddenly round, and perceived his father standing at the door, which was half open, looking at him with an air of calmness, but deep attention. Alfred first turned pale and then blushed, for he both respected and feared his father, who, although very affectionate towards his child, had always preserved his full authority

over him, and could always overawe him by his looks and manner, and as Alfred had never dared openly to oppose his father's will, nor to contradict him, he now stood confused and silent, waiting for what his father would say. Mr. Saumarez, without uttering a word, sat himself down at the table, which was the occasion of the present dispute, as Alfred's tutor had caused it to be removed from the window, the proximity to which was to his pupil a source of frequent inattention."

"Alfred," said Mr. Saumarez, in a calm but serious tone, "you believe then that we have no right to exact obedience from you?"

"I did not mean to apply to you; father, what I said just now," replied Alfred, with some confusion.

"It is to me, however, that your words must apply in the end, as it is only from me that your tutor holds his power over you, which I have delegated to him. Are you not aware of this?"

Alfred knew it very well; but he could never bring himself to obey his tutor as he would have obeyed his father; for, being now

thirteen years of age, and gifted likewise by nature with a tolerably good understanding, he had taken into his head that he was now a man, and felt mortified at being controuled in his will; he could not endure being commanded to do any particular thing, not because he thought the command unreasonable, but simply because it was a command, and he had even hinted to his tutor, that the right parents assume over their children, is merely the right of the stronger, and is not founded upon justice. His father having already heard that these sentiments were entertained by his son, availed himself of this opportunity to discuss the point with him.

“Tell me,” said Mr. Saumarez, in a tone of expostulation, “what injustice do I commit towards you, when I require your obedience, for if you can shew me that I do you wrong, I shall certainly desist from demanding it.”

Alfred felt embarrassed, but his father having encouraged him to answer without fear, he replied: “I don’t say, father, that you are unjust towards me, only I don’t understand how it is that parents should oblige

their children to obey their will, they also having a will of their own, which, it seems to me, they have as much right to follow as that of their parents."

"As children, however, are not always reasonable in their wishes, it is requisite they should have some one to guide them in the path of reason and propriety."

"But still," said Alfred hesitatingly, "if children will not be reasonable, it seems to me that it concerns themselves alone, nor can I imagine why they should be compelled to be reasonable against their will."

"You think then, Alfred, that if a child two or three years old were going to put his hand upon the burning coals, or to throw himself out of a window, no one has a right to prevent it."

"Oh! father, what a difference!"

"I really don't see any, Alfred; for, according to your principles, the rights of a child three years of age appear to me to be as sacred as those of a boy of thirteen; but if you admit that age constitutes a difference, then it follows that a boy of thirteen has not so much right to follow his will as a man of thirty."

Alfred shook his head and did not seem convinced; his father, however, desired him to speak his whole mind on the subject. "There may be," he said, "reasons in my favour which I cannot find out, but even supposing that it were for the advantage of children, that they should be made to obey, I don't see that any one has a right to benefit a person against that person's will."

"Well, Alfred, it seems then, that it is not your will that I should oblige you to be reasonable, by making you obey my directions or those of your tutor, which are the same thing."

"Oh father, I don't mean this; but——"

"But I understand it perfectly well; and as I do not wish you to think me unjust towards you, I promise that you shall no longer be obliged to obey me, unless you first request it."

"That I should request you to oblige me to give up my will!" said Alfred, half laughing, and half peevishly, for he thought his father was joking; "you know, father, that could never be."

"We shall see, my son. I will try the

experiment, and from this moment I give up my authority, and shall not resume it until you yourself ask me to do so. And you, my dear sir," continued Mr. Saumarez, addressing himself to the tutor, "will be pleased to do the same; your rights cease together with mine."

The tutor, who understood Mr. Saumarez's intentions, bowed assent, while Mr. Saumarez preserved the most perfect gravity. Alfred was looking alternately at each of them, with an air of incredulity, as if doubting whether his father had spoken seriously.

"I am not acquainted," added Mr. Saumarez, "with the particular act of obedience you required just now, and which displeased Alfred so much, but of course, there is an end of that from this moment."

"Certainly, Sir," answered the tutor.

"Now, Alfred," concluded Mr. Saumarez, as he was leaving the room, "you are in the full enjoyment of your liberty; take care not to give it up until you are really satisfied that it no longer suits you; for when once you submit again to my authority, I shall exercise it absolutely."

Alfred followed his father with his eyes, until the door closed after him, and could hardly believe that what he had said was seriously meant. As a first essay, however, of his newly-acquired liberty, he replaced near the window the table which had been the subject of dispute with his tutor; the latter sat himself down to read, without appearing to pay any attention to what Alfred was doing. When Alfred, however, adjusted his chair, desk, and papers, his tutor observed to him: "I don't see why you take so much pains to settle your table and writing apparatus, as I suppose that now you are your own master, we shall not attend much to our studies together."

"I don't know what makes you think so," replied Alfred, very peevishly; "I am no longer a child to be held in leading strings. No, Sir, you shall find that I don't require any compulsion to do what is reasonable and proper."

"I am glad to hear it," said the tutor, taking up again the book he was reading.

Alfred, to prove his resolution, did not look even once out of the window, and wrote his

exercise much better than usual, and in half the time. His tutor having looked it over, congratulated him by saying, "I wish you may continue to make such a good use of your liberty."

Alfred was delighted, but when in the afternoon he asked his tutor whether they should go out together for a walk. "Oh no," said the latter, "you might have a fancy to walk faster than me, to run, to take a different way from mine; I have now no right to prevent you, and I am too old and too heavy to run after you: nor can I take upon myself the responsibility of seeing you safe home again, having no longer any authority over you."

Alfred was puzzled at this—he felt vexed; at last he said: "Well, I promise you that I will not walk faster than you, and that I will follow you wherever you go."

"This is all very well," replied the other, "but suppose you were to take it into your head to do something wrong or improper, I could not oppose it, and I might, perhaps, meet with unpleasant consequences on your account."

“ I will engage,” said Alfred, “ to obey you in every thing during our walk.”

“ Then I shall inform your father that you renounce your agreement, and again submit to his authority and mine.”

“ Not entirely so, but only during the time of our walks.”

“ Then,” replied the tutor, “ you will not only follow your own will, but desire to force it upon me ; you wish me to resume my authority when it is convenient to you, and to give it up again when you are tired of it. No ! If I ever consent to resume my authority over you, it must be to keep it altogether, therefore Alfred, you must either annul your convention, or not think of walking with me.”

“ My father, however, wishes me to walk,” said Alfred drily.

“ Yes, but he does not intend that I should walk merely to please you, and without any object ; when your father entrusted me with part of his authority over you, then, of course, he had a right to direct the manner in which I was to use that authority, now that I have none, I cannot be answerable for any thing, and I may or may not accompany you in your

walks and partake of your amusements, just as I think proper."

"After all," said Alfred, "I don't see what should prevent me from going out alone."

"Nothing in the world," replied his tutor, "you are as free as air!"

"But yet, I am not quite free, since I am left with you."

"You are mistaken there again," said the tutor: "your father wishes me to continue to give you lessons only as long as you may wish to take them; he also intends that I should remain in the same apartment with you, because he is the master of this house, and has a right to dispose of every part of it; but you may do what you please, except you were to hurt or annoy me, because then I should use force to restrain you. But in other respects, you may stay or go out, study or play, I shall have nothing to say to you, and if you desire it, I will not even speak to you; I shall then have my time entirely to myself."

"Oh," replied Alfred, "you push things very far indeed."

“ By no means, this is the natural consequence of the independence you wished for. Now that I have no longer any controul over your conduct, nor any responsibility concerning you, I cannot feel the same interest in you as before.”

“ I thought you had more friendship for me.”

“ I have as much friendship for you as can be expected under the present circumstances ; you can be of no use to me, I cannot converse with you about the books I am in the habit of reading, and which you don't understand, I cannot read with you any serious work, nor can you give me any useful explanation or assistance.”

“ Then, observed Alfred, you are friendly only to those who are useful to you.”

“ No, replied the tutor, I am also friendly to those to whom I can be useful ; men become attached to those whom they assist, and this is the manner in which we get attached to children, we feel an interest in them, because we endeavour to teach them how to act properly, we love them notwithstanding their faults, because we hope in time

to amend them, but when you deprive me of all influence over your conduct, and when I can no longer be of any use to you, what interest can I take in any thing that concerns you?"

"But yet we have passed some years together, and you have seen me every day."

"If that were sufficient to create an attachment for a child, why should not I be as fond of Tom the porter's son, who waits upon us? I have known him as long as I have known you, he never refused to do any thing I desired him, he has never given me any trouble, he is always cheerful, and he is much more useful to me than you can be."

"It would be strange however, if you were to like Tom better than me."

"Till now I have loved you better than him, it is true, but this is because you were entrusted to my care, and I felt as much interest for you as for myself, or rather more, because as you were submitted to my authority, you took pains to please me, and this deserved my friendship. But now you have taken upon yourself your own care and guidance, and I have only to look to myself."

Alfred had nothing to answer to this. He felt however that the only means of preserving the affection of his father and of his tutor, was to conduct himself in the same manner as if he were still under their guidance, and so he proposed to do, but Alfred had not yet strength of mind, nor perseverance enough to keep his good resolves, and for this very reason he required some one to watch over him, and support him in the path of duty.

Some of our youthful readers will perhaps feel surprised that Alfred did not avail himself at once of his liberty ;—give up his studies,—go out alone,—and follow all his inclinations, but it must be remembered that Alfred had received thus far a regular education, that his disposition was good notwithstanding his occasional petulance, and that although a boy of thirteen may not always have sufficient firmness to do that which is right, he certainly at that age begins to know what is proper, and wishes to be looked upon as a reasonable being : besides, in spite of all his arguments against dependance, Alfred had acquired the habit of being obedient, and he would hardly have dared to do a thing which had been for-

bidden him by his father or his tutor, for fear it should come to their knowledge. Therefore on that day he abstained from his usual walk.

Next morning, Alfred thought that his rights of independence might be extended to the gratification of having some ham for his breakfast, a dainty of which he was remarkably fond, but in which he was not often indulged. He wanted to send Tom to the kitchen, but Tom was doing something else at that moment and told him he could not go. Tom was generally rather pert with Alfred, because the latter used to treat him in an overbearing manner, and to put himself into a passion when his orders were not instantly obeyed, like those of his father or tutor. In the present instance, Alfred proud of his newly acquired independence, assumed a tone more imperious than ever, and Tom was more saucy than usual, and when the former became angry, the latter presumed to give him a lesson by telling him that there was no occasion to ask for any thing from the kitchen besides what was regularly served at table, and that Mr. Saumarez had already reprimanded him once for going on a similar errand.

“That is no business of yours,” said Alfred still more exasperated, “cannot I send you wherever I choose?”

“No, Alfred,” said Mr. Saumarez, who happened to pass by, “Tom is not at your orders, but mine.”

“But, father, is he not to serve me also?”

“Yes, and I have ordered him to do so, but he must serve you according to my directions, not yours.”

“Yet, father, I may ask him for what I want.”

“You have only to tell me what you want, and whatever I shall tell him to do for you, he will do.”

“But I remember you have often allowed me to give Tom my own directions.”

“This was at a time,” replied Mr. Saumarez “when I could indulge you in some things, because I also forbid you others; I could then without inconvenience allow you some authority in my own house, since as you were guided by me, your authority was subordinate to mine, and I was not afraid that you would give to my people directions contrary to my wishes, as I had the right of forbidding you

any thing that did not please me ; but now that you are your own master, if I were to give you the right of giving orders to my servants, you might take it into your head to send them to the other end of the town, while I want them here, and I could not prevent you. You would tell them to go one way, while I should direct them to go the other ; there would be two masters in the house, and that cannot be. Persuade yourself, my son, that you cannot have the least authority over any one, except you receive it first from me, and I cannot delegate you my authority unless I have sufficient power over you to induce you to use it rationally." Then turning towards the porter's boy, who, while he appeared occupied in brushing some clothes, was amused at hearing this conversation : " Hear me, Tom," said Mr. Saumarez to him, " you will do for Alfred, all that I shall tell you, but take no orders from himself."

" What is the use of being independent then ?" said Alfred peevishly.

" Alfred," said his father, " I don't prevent you from doing any thing you like, not even

from giving orders to Tom, if you wish to do so, only you must allow me the liberty of forbidding him to obey them." Saying this, Mr. Saumarez went away, and when he was out of sight, Tom said laughingly "it is very pleasant to have persons to give orders to."

Alfred lost his temper; he so far forgot himself as to attempt to kick Tom, who, drawing on one side said, "take care master, for I have no orders from your father to allow myself to be beaten by you," and he took hold of the boot-jack to defend himself. Alfred had time to recollect himself, and went away telling him he was an impudent fellow, and that he should make him suffer for it, at which Tom shrugged up his shoulders and smiled incredulously.

Alfred began to feel that his liberty was very tiresome, as he could make no use of it. However he had nothing to say, his actions were uncontrolled, and if others did not comply with his wishes, if his tutor did not choose to walk out with him, and his father did not allow his servants to obey him, he could not but acknowledge to himself, that they had as much right as he had, to act as they pleased.

As he was in a bad humour that morning, he did not much attend to his lessons; he hurried over them, and did not finish his usual task. Dissatisfied with himself, he went in the afternoon into the garden, and played at shuttlecock with Tom, with whom he was very glad to be again on good terms; but when he saw his father come in, he shrunk back and avoided him. Alfred seemed afraid to meet his looks, lest he should perceive he had been idle the whole day. In the evening, he went to his room, much embarrassed and discontented; he hardly ventured to look at his tutor, who, however, did not say anything, and behaved to him as usual. Although Alfred felt internally that no one had a right to chide him, and that he might do what he chose, still was he ashamed to do, or even to wish to commit actions which he was conscious were not reasonable and proper.

A man cannot act improperly with impunity; for though no one may have a right to reprove him, still there is a monitor in his conscience which he cannot get rid of; but a child, not having sufficient judgment to distinguish good from evil, nor sufficient force of

mind to choose the first, stands in need of being guided, and this must be done by being taught obedience. A child, left entirely to his own will, would be the most unhappy of beings ; he would not know how to employ his time, or obtain what he wishes for ; he would begin a hundred different things without completing a single one, and would pass his time in a state of unsettled and dissatisfied agitation. Alfred began to feel 'all this, though confusedly, but did not give it sufficient reflection : however, he could not help repeating to himself, that, after all, there was no great pleasure in being independent.

Next morning, two of Alfred's young friends came to see him ; they were the sons of an old acquaintance of Mr. Saumarez : young men—the one fifteen, the other sixteen years of age ; thoughtless and dissipated ; who amused Alfred by telling him stories of their school, accompanying their recital by expressions and manners not always becoming, and which, at times, were disgusting to Alfred. They, on their part, used to laugh at Alfred's decorum and good breeding, and at his habits of order and sedateness, and

especially at his being always in the company of his tutor, without ever going out by himself, as they did. Alfred felt, therefore, a degree of vanity in telling them that he was now free to do what he pleased.

“ That is right,” they said, “ we shall now be very merry together ; we will go to-day to a place where we went last Monday, and where many young men of the neighbourhood assemble ; they play at ball, drink ale, swear, and fight ! it is, altogether, very entertaining.” “ My brother,” added one of them, “ was nearly fighting with one of the players for having made some remarks on the game, and was only prevented by being hit on his face by the ball, which made his nose and mouth sore for several days after.”

Alfred did not find this description very attractive ; he had no inclination to drink ale nor to mix with low and quarrelsome people ; he felt, however, a false shame of being thought less spirited than his two friends ; partly by persuasions, and partly by force, he followed them to the play-ground.

It was a sort of low public garden, where

they found several men playing at ball.— While Alfred was looking at the game, one of his companions maliciously pushed him among the players. He was struck by the ball on his left ear, and he received a blow at the same time on the right shoulder from the player who having missed the ball on his account, pushed him against one of his comrades, that was running across the ground; the latter fell, dragging Alfred with him to the earth, and swearing against the fool, as he called him. This incident caused a general laughter : Alfred was mad with vexation ; but as in such a company the chances were too many against him ; he had sense enough to contain himself, withdrew to a corner, and shortly after left the place, without saying any thing to his two companions.

Alfred returned home, mortified and displeased, but yet resolved to try to make further use of his liberty. His father had taken him sometimes with him, on shooting excursions, and his uncle had made him a present of a fowling piece, which was placed in his father's study, of which George, his father's confidential servant, had the key. It hap-

pened that, on the morning after the adventure at the tea gardens, Mr. Saumarez went out early, and George having to go occasionally into his study, left the key in the door. Alfred went in, thinking, now he was independent, he had a right to make use, whenever he pleased, of the fire arms his uncle had given him; he accordingly took the gun without scruple, and having loaded it, and supplied himself with more ammunition, as if setting out for a campaign, he went into the garden, which was adjoining the house, to practise at the target.

Contiguous to Mr. Saumarez' garden, was a large house, belonging to a retired tradesman, who let the best apartments in it furnished to families who occasionally visited that neighbourhood. Alfred, in passing through the garden, saw a swallow fluttering about the windows of his neighbour's house, and thinking it a good opportunity to try his skill, aimed his piece at the poor bird, and fired, but missed it; the swallow having fled away, he thought no more of it, and went to the opposite extremity of the garden, where he set up a target, and began a brisk

firing, which he kept up for some time, to the great disturbance of the neighbourhood.

After having exhausted all his ammunition, he returned triumphantly into the house, with his fowling-piece on his shoulder, when on entering the hall from the garden door, he saw a man who had come in by the front entrance, and was speaking with great vehemence to the porter. As soon as the stranger perceived Alfred, "There he is," he cried, "I was sure the shot had come from some one in this house;" and, going up to him in a rage, "It is you, then, young gentleman, who amuse yourself with firing into your neighbours' house; you have broken my beautiful mirror, some of my china, and frightened my wife almost to death; well, young gentleman, you will have to pay for it, and I shall this moment take you before the magistrate."

The vociferations of the tradesman brought out several of the domestics, who, however, did not know what part to take in the affair, as Mr. Saumarez had informed them of his new arrangements with regard to his son, and probably were not sorry to see the youth receive a lesson for his petulance. Meantime,

the stranger became more obstreperous, and insisted upon Alfred either paying him handsomely for the mischief he had done, or going with him before a magistrate.

Alfred was terrified, and did not know what to say or do. He opened instinctively the door of the parlour, his accuser following close after him. Unexpectedly to both, Mr. Saumarez was sitting there in his chair, with a book before him on the table.

Mr. Tomkins (this was the tradesman's name) knew Mr. Saumarez by sight, and he now abruptly related to him the complaint he had to make against his son. Mr. Saumarez listened quietly, looking alternately at his son and at the complainant. Alfred, surprised to meet his father, whom he thought absent from home, ashamed of being implicated in such charges, and terrified with the idea of consequences which he could not clearly foresee, stood, holding his firelock in one hand, and his hat in the other, having uncovered himself as soon as he perceived his father. Mr. Tomkins, on the contrary, in the vehemence of his address, had forgotten to take off his hat, and had walked up close to the

table, his face flushed with indignation at the injury his furniture had sustained, and the personal danger he and his family had been exposed to from the firing of Alfred.

At length Mr. Saumarez, having given the tradesman time to compose himself a little, told him he was very sorry for all that had happened, but that if it was really his son who had done the mischief, he must settle matters with him; for that he (Mr. Saumarez) would have nothing to do with it.

“ But who is to pay me for the damage done ?” said Mr. Tomkins.

“ I really don’t know,” said Mr. Saumarez, “ whatever my son may have done in my absence; I have no share in it;” and then turning to Alfred, “ You know, Alfred, I cannot be answerable for your deeds, while you are not subject to my authority.”

Alfred, with downcast eyes, stood motionless, without saying a word, and without daring to look his father in the face. Mr. Tomkins, who did not clearly understand all this, insisted upon being paid immediately, threatening otherwise to apply for a warrant from the magistrate. “ Your son,” said

he to Mr. Saumarez, "will have to go to prison, and take his trial at the sessions."

These terrible words, accompanied by a motion of Mr. Tomkins indicating his intention of retiring, increased the fright of Alfred almost to despair. He ran to his father, who pretended to be a mere spectator of this extraordinary scene, and kneeling down, embracing his knees, "father," exclaimed he, sobbing, "father, save me! don't leave me to be dragged to prison!"

"How can I prevent it?" replied Mr. Saumarez, "what right have I to interfere in your concerns, since you have renounced my protection?"

"Oh, restore it to me," said the son, "I will obey you; I will do whatever you wish!"

"Do you promise it? do you really wish that I should resume my authority?"

"Oh, yes, yes, punish me as you think proper, only don't let me go to prison."

"That's enough," said Mr. Saumarez, and, turning to Mr. Tomkins, "I hope, Sir, that this unpleasant affair may be settled between us, without resorting to extremities."

Mr. Tomkins bowed assent.

“ Please, then, to wait a little,” continued Mr. Saumarez, “ I shall be with you again presently.”

Then taking his son into another apartment, “ Alfred,” said he, “ I don’t wish to take advantage of your present fear and confusion, to extort a reluctant promise from you. Collect yourself, and consider well whether you are prepared to submit to my authority. I will not conceal from you, that, on account of your age, if Mr. Tomkins brings his charge before the magistrate, I shall be the responsible person, and shall have for to pay the damages occasioned by your imprudence. But at the same time the magistrate will require of me that I should prevent you in future from committing similar offences, and I shall have to become security for your keeping the peace. Then you will be compelled by law to submit to my directions ; will you do it now spontaneously, or will you wait for the magistrate to bind you to it ?”

“ Oh, no, father,” said Alfred, affected by the candour and kindness of his parent ; “ only forgive me my folly, and I shall be

happy to become again your dutiful son as before."

" Alfred, I don't speak of forgiving you, because I have nothing to forgive; when I gave you your liberty, I knew you would abuse it; but knowing also your disposition, I chose to let you have a trial, relying that you would yourself see the necessity of submitting again to my guidance."

Mr. Saumarez then had the damage occasioned by his son, estimated; and when Mr. Tomkins came to receive the money, which amounted to a considerable sum, Alfred, who happened to be in his father's study, again felt mortified at the loss he had occasioned to his father. When all was settled, " You now see, Alfred," said Mr. Saumarez kindly to him, " that parents have a right to watch over the conduct of their offspring, since they are not only amenable to God, but even to the laws of mankind, for the transgressions of their children. But it is not only for errors like these that parents are responsible; they must likewise answer to the Almighty for all the irregularities and misdeeds which a careless superintendence would

lead their children into, until the latter are arrived at an age when they are capable of taking the responsibility upon themselves."

Alfred could not but acknowledge the truth and justice of his father's observations ; and from that time became obedient to his instructions ; and as Alfred grew up, he was more and more convinced of the necessity, as well as the propriety, of young people submitting to the guidance and authority of their parents.

AFFECTATION.

“Take care what you are about,” said Lady Monkton, one day, to her daughter Amelia ; “ you are always looking one way while you are going the other ; this is the surest method never to go right.”

Such was actually the case. Amelia, whether in the street, in the garden, or even when sauntering about in the fields, paid much less attention to what lay before her, or in her path, than to the persons who happened to be approaching her. She was always studying effect and attitudes, whenever she thought she was observed by any one. Often when walking, while she was intent on turning her head in a graceful manner, or casting down her eyes modestly, if the occasion required it ; or gazing at the sky, or foli-

age of the trees ; when she thought that all this display was likely to attract the attention of others, and to make her appear interesting, she would sometimes happen to come full against a tree, or in contact with some one who was coming towards her ; at other times, in attempting to show her agility in skipping over a rivulet, instead of crossing it with care, she has fallen into the middle of it, and splashed herself all over. In short, Amelia never did any thing in a straight forward manner, like other people. She could not walk, eat, or drink in the usual way ; her great object being to exhibit grace in all her actions ; and could she have been certain that she was observed in her sleep, she would certainly have taken no little pains in laying herself down to fall asleep in a graceful attitude.

She was not aware that this very artifice produced an effect quite different from what she had intended. It may easily be supposed that she was not likely to do any thing well, while her thoughts were employed upon such frivolities ; and, therefore, had but little chance of obtaining the applause for which she was so eager. Whenever any one, to

whom she wished to appear amiable, came into the room, she immediately assumed a more animated tone in her conversation with the person next to her, affected more vivacity in her manner, and more expression in her looks; but as she felt no real interest in what she did, although she wished it to appear so; her manner, her looks, and the tone of her voice, were overstrained, and her smile was forced and affected.

Amelia was naturally charitable; she often gave money to the poor, even when nobody observed her; but if it so happened that any one was present, the expression of her compassion became exaggerated, and she put on an air of sensibility which she thought peculiarly interesting; but, instead of turning her eyes upon the object of her charity, she was looking all the while at those present, so that one might have fancied that these, and not the object of her bounty, excited her sympathy.

Lady Monkton had often remonstrated with her daughter on the subject of this failing, which though it had taken deep root, yet she had succeeded in making Amelia give

up some of her most affected airs. This weak, but leading feature of her character, however, still remained in full vigour ; for as Amelia advanced in years, she became more skilful in the art of performing her favourite part, and as her vanity in the mean time suffered no diminution, she was cautious not to disclose it in too glaring a manner. She was vain, under the mask of modesty ; and still pursued the idle phantom of her imagination. On one occasion, Lady Monkton said to her daughter, “ Amelia, you are desirous of praise and admiration, but there is only one way to gain, or rather to deserve them, and that is by doing every thing exactly as it ought to be done ; if what you do, is only for the sake of display, you lose all the merit of your actions, and therefore all claim to the approbation of others. Your endeavouring to obtain the admiration of the world, having no other motive for your conduct, is the surest means of neither deserving, nor yet obtaining it.”

Amelia felt there was much truth in what her mother told her ; she determined, therefore, to conceal her vanity more speciously,

but never once thought of conquering it ; consequently, she did not even succeed in disguising it, although she flattered herself that she did.

Mrs. Villiers, a relation of Lady Monkton's, who lived in the neighbourhood, had a daughter named Fanny, who was about the same age as Amelia, and had contracted a particular friendship with the latter. Fanny Villiers was all simplicity and unaffected goodness; for a long time she did not even perceive Amelia's affectation, and she had often little differences on her account with Mr. Rivers, an old clergyman, and a man of experience and penetration, who had been preceptor to her father, and was now attending her brother in the same capacity.

Mr. Rivers also gave lessons to Miss Fanny, and was delighted with her good sense and application. She on her part respected him as a second father, and it was only with regard to her friend Amelia, that she ever differed from him. Mr. Rivers found Miss Monkton so ridiculous and affected, that he could not help saying to Fanny what he thought of her. He did not

even conceal his sentiments before Amelia, who, having heard the character of the preceptor spoken of with great respect by her relatives, felt a particular wish to attract his attention, and obtain his esteem. She heard him frequently praise Fanny ; it did not create any jealous feelings in her bosom ; though at the same time she thought herself as much deserving of his commendations as her friend. Her eagerness, however, to force herself upon the attention of Mr. Rivers, was, with such a man, the sure means of frustrating her object.

Mr. Rivers being a man of extensive learning, Amelia did not dare to make parade of her slender knowledge in his presence ; but she did not let a day escape, without finding some indirect opportunity of boasting of her love of study. If the conversation turned upon the healthfulness of walking, she said she did not like to walk without having a book for her companion ; she even wished to read in bed, only her mother was frightened at the idea of her setting the house on fire. Mr. Rivers pretended not to hear what she said ; she then talked of something else for a

time, contriving, however, to bring about the same subject in some other shape.

The quality for which Mr. Rivers most commended Fanny, was her attention to her mother, whose health was very delicate. One evening, Amelia's mother felt herself unwell. Amelia, who used to go almost every day to Fanny's, on that evening appeared there only for a few minutes after her mother's indisposition was over, that she might speak of it, and expatiate on the uneasiness it had caused her. She described in so prolix a manner her fright when she saw her mother turn pale and faint, that Mr. Rivers could not help remarking—"I understand very well all that Miss Monkton has suffered on account of her mother's illness; but I should wish also to know something of her ladyship's sufferings."

Next day, Lady Monkton, though still very poorly, insisted upon her daughter going to spend the evening as usual, with her friend Fanny. Amelia came in with a languishing air, saying she was very sleepy and fatigued; hinting thereby that she had had a bad night. As no one, however, appeared to

ask her questions, she spoke of the fineness of the weather, in the early part of the morning; said that her mother had been restless till two o'clock, but that she had fallen asleep at three; from which it appeared that Amelia had been up at those hours, attending at her mother's bedside. She enquired several times about the hour, saying, that although her mother had allowed her to remain till ten o'clock, she wanted to return by nine. She asked the time at half-past eight, and again enquired at a quarter before nine. During this time Fanny had looked two or three times at the clock, without any one perceiving it. A minute before nine she rang the bell; her mother enquired the reason. "You know, mother," said Fanny, "this is the hour you take your gruel." Amelia then uttered an exclamation, and rose with great precipitation, for fear of being past her time.

"These two young ladies," observed some one of the company, "are very punctual, and very attentive to their parents."

"Yes," muttered Mr. Rivers, looking at Amelia with a sarcastic smile, "Miss Fanny takes great care of her mother, and Miss

Amelia takes great pains to let us know that she does the same."

Amelia blushed, and hastened away for fear of some fresh sarcasm; but Mrs. Villiers having begged Mr. Rivers to accompany Miss Amelia, and to return afterwards with the news of Lady Monkton's health, he took his hat, and overtook the young lady, followed by the servant, a few yards from the door. She was hurrying on very fast. "Do me the favor, Miss Amelia, to walk a little more gently, or I, an old gouty man, shall not be able to keep pace with you."

"I am so anxious to hear how my mother is!"

"You are very fortunate to be able, with all your anxiety, to preserve so well your presence of mind. As for me, if I had a near and beloved relative very ill, I should be so engrossed with her illness, that it would be impossible for me to observe what I was doing for her, much less to make it a matter of observation with others; but ladies have such strong nerves!"

"Really, Mr. Rivers," said Amelia, "you

cannot suffer any opportunity to escape without tormenting me."

"You would say without admiring you. We admire those in general whose actions have always been virtuous, and who have under the most trying circumstances, conducted themselves so as to deserve the praise of others. Such people, I say, are sure to obtain the well-earned esteem and admiration of mankind; but for you, Miss Amelia, we are bound to admire you on every occasion; for every one of your actions, every one of your movements, deserve the highest commendation."

While he said this, Mr. Rivers kept his eyes steadily fixed on Amelia, at the same time displaying the sarcastic expression of his countenance, and taking especial care to place a peculiar emphasis on some of his words.

At last they arrived at the door, and Amelia was not sorry to be relieved from his company. The sarcasms of Mr. Rivers stung her to the quick. She had, however, penetration enough to perceive, through all his irony, a sincere feeling of friendship for her. She therefore, could not be angry at the freedom

he had taken. Mr. Rivers also remarked, with some satisfaction, that she received his reproofs with great mildness; and that she really seemed to wish to gain his esteem: sure indications that her heart was sound, and he, therefore, entertained great hopes of effecting her reformation.

Lady Monkton had in her family, an old servant, a rough, testy sort of man, who had a young nephew whom her ladyship allowed him to keep with him, for the purpose of giving him what the old man called a good education. His chief method, however to effect this, was to beat little Frank whenever he did not know his lesson or his catechism, and Frank, who did not like this method, never improved in his studies, and, consequently, was regularly beaten every day. One morning, Amelia saw him come out of his uncle's room all in tears. Frank had just been whipped by his uncle, who had promised him a renewal of the chastisement if he should not know his lesson by the time he returned from an errand he was then going about. Amelia advised Frank to try to learn it. Frank said he could not. Amelia replied, "I will endeavour to

assist you," and she took him into the parlour, where she made him repeat his lesson several times, in order that he might commit it to memory. Meanwhile, Mr. Rivers happened to come in, to enquire after Lady Monkton, and he surprised the young lady in her amiable task, just as she was telling Frank to be quick that his uncle might not know he had had her assistance.

"At length Miss Monkton," said Mr. Rivers, "I find you doing a good action merely for its own sake, and not to be talked of by others."

Amelia blushed deeply, but it was from a gratified feeling, as it was the first time that she had heard herself praised by him; nevertheless, the next moment her infatuation once more got the better of her; her manner became affected and studied, and the change, it may be readily imagined, did not escape Mr. Rivers' penetration.

"Well," said he, "I shall go now; you will then have no witness, and your vanity will also disappear."

In the evening, at Mrs. Villiers', Amelia found an opportunity of bringing forward the

conversation on the subject of little Frank. Mr. Rivers shook his head; he foresaw what would follow, and Amelia, who had her eyes fixed on him, caught his meaning and stopped. But her egotism got the better of her; and in half an hour after she contrived to return, in a round-about manner, to the same subject. Mr. Rivers sat next to her. "Well," whispered he, "I see you wish me to relate the anecdote of little Frank, and I will do so."

He then began in a pompous tone: "This morning, little Frank,"—Amelia gave him an imploring look to induce him to stop. "Let me go on," whispered Mr. Rivers to her, "only when you think I have omitted any thing, or not laid sufficient stress upon some particulars, just give me a hint;" and again he went on with the story in the same pompous strain. Amelia, vexed and mortified, pretended not to hear, and yet could hardly repress her laughter, at the drollery with which Mr. Rivers gave his recital.

From that day, Mr. Rivers continued to act the same part. Whenever Amelia was about to enter into a history of some-

thing she had done, Mr. Rivers was sure to begin a pompous eulogium on the subject. If, in her deportment or manners, Amelia betrayed any wish of being remarked, "Only observe," he would say to the person next to him "with what grace Miss Monkton does every thing." When she affected a forced laugh, "Miss Amelia," he would add, "is remarkably pleasant to-day."

After he had carried on the farce in this way, to the great annoyance of poor Amelia, he would come to her, and ask her whether he had not acted his part exactly to her wishes, and if not, promise her he would do better another time.

In this manner he kept a constant watch on Amelia's actions; she dreaded him, and yet she could not help smiling at the eccentric drollery of her monitor.

At last, by means of the good humoured and well-intentioned satire of Mr. Rivers, Amelia succeeded in correcting herself of her affectation, the absurdity of which, struck her with much greater force, when imitated by another. She determined therefore, to act in future, not for the purpose of being admired

by others ; but to do what she had to do, according to the good sense nature had given her, and to those principles her mother had endeavoured to instil into her ; and no longer to think of exacting approbation as her due, although she acted so as to deserve it.

THE PEASANT

AND

THE CADI.

DURING many years of painful servitude, compelling the unwilling earth to yield its produce to the incessant application of hard labour, bearing heavy burthens, and patiently journeying east and west to find the most lucrative market for his humble merchandize, an industrious peasant had at length accumulated the sum of 1000 tomauns.* Satisfied that he had attained a treasure sufficient to maintain him in comfort during his declining years, he relaxed a little from the severity of his exertions, and, instead of working until tired nature demanded the repose of sleep, he returned to his home at an early hour, for the

* A tomaun is a gold coin, worth about 14s.

enjoyment of his frugal meal, in that security for which he had so unceasingly toiled. No longer worn out and exhausted by the fatigues of the day, he indulged in the most pleasing meditations. To count over his riches constituted the chief joy of his life; every piece of gold was endeared to him by some extraordinary exertion, or some patient piece of untiring perseverance in its acquirement: they had been purchased by the strength of his limbs, and the sweat of his brow; and he resolved to husband them with the greatest care, that, if it should please Heaven to vouchsafe him a span of existence beyond the period usually allotted to man, his old age might be free from anxiety, and his poorer brethren benefited by his decease. One journey only remained to be taken, ere he had determined to relinquish his labors, and to sit down in the full enjoyment of his wealth.

Whilst he was making preparations for his departure, doubts, respecting the disposal of his property oppressed his mind: if he should take it with him, thieves upon the road might suddenly deprive him of all he possessed: if he should leave it at home, his house was lia-

ble to invasion ; and if he should bury it in the earth, chance might discover the treasure, and the person so fortunate as to find it would consider the money as lawfully his own.

The chief Cadi of the city, in whose suburbs the peasant resided, had been raised to his high dignity through his merit, by the favor of his sovereign, who was particularly anxious for the strict and impartial administration of justice ; and the sultan's confidence in him being unbounded, he was universally considered an upright man.

To him, therefore, the traveller resolved to entrust his riches ; and sealing the thousand tomauns carefully in a canvass bag, he carried them to the house of the magistrate, and requested an audience.

The Cadi readily undertook the charge, and, assuring the peasant that his money should be forthcoming on his return, locked it up for the present in a safe place, and the man departed, happy that he had hit upon so excellent a method of preserving the fruits of his industry from the rapacity of the robber, and the vicissitudes of fortune ; but both the sultan and the peasant mistook the character

of the Cadi. He had not yet been sufficiently tried, and, when temptation assailed him, his virtue was not strong enough to withstand the trial.

For a long while he contemplated the bag which contained the traveller's money; and an earnest desire of appropriating it to himself was followed by various plans to obtain possession of its shining treasures. Though it was a matter apparently of considerable difficulty, his insatiable avarice contrived the means to abstract the gold without touching the seal and to replace them with a thousand pieces of copper coin, of the same size; and this was so cunningly achieved, that the canvass bag betrayed no sign that could lead to detection.

In progress of time the peasant returned safe from his journey, and his first visit was paid to the Cadi, who, with the frankest air imaginable, unlocked his strong box, and handed out the bag. It was without seam or blemish; the seal was perfect, and the size and weight appeared the same as when it was first delivered to the Cadi's care. Overjoyed at beholding his treasure once again, he poured

out, in the overflowing of his gratitude, abundance of thanks to the kind guardian of his wealth, and sought his own home, happy in the idea that he had surmounted the dangers of his journey, that all necessity for painful exertion was at an end, and that he had nothing to do but enjoy his felicity with moderation and thankfulness. A very short time, however, was sufficient to destroy all his anticipations of happiness. A desire of feasting his eyes with a nearer view of his gold induced him to open his bag; and the surprise and consternation that followed the discovery of its contents at first deprived him of all power of speech and action. Aghast he gazed upon the copper pieces substituted for that precious metal which he had so industriously accumulated. Pouring the money back into the bag, he flew with it to the dwelling of the Cadi, and boldly accused him of the theft.

The magistrate, presuming on his power, denied the imputation, and in turn charged him with premeditated imposition in attempting to pass off a bag of copper for a bag of gold. The unhappy peasant, convinced that

he had been cheated, was not to be silenced; with tears and lamentations he implored the Cadi to make restitution, clinging to his robe, and filling the air with his cries : but the inexorable magistrate, unwilling to surrender the fruits of his iniquity, called his servants, and ordered them to thrust the peasant from the door, threatening him with the bastinado and with death, if he should presume to publish the fancied wrongs which he pretended he had received.

Life was of little value to a wretch deprived of all that could give joy to his existence; and, emboldened by the extremity of his despair, he sought the presence of the Sultan, and, throwing himself at his feet, besought him with passionate entreaties to compel the Cadi to do him justice.

The prince listened patiently to the poor man's tale, and was troubled at the recital; he entertained the highest opinion of the judge, and could not, without great reluctance, admit any injurious suspicions of his integrity; yet he was sensibly touched by the anguish of the suppliant, whose excessive agony seemed the effect of intolerable

wrong ; and, desiring him to give up the canvass bag to his care, he told him to keep close and quiet in his own house for two days, and to present himself in the grand court of the palace early on the morning of the third.

The poor man, conscious of the justice of his cause, left it to the wisdom of his sovereign to discover the means by which he had been defrauded, and waited the event with patience. The Sultan closely examined the bag ; but it was apparently without fracture, strong and whole as it had issued from the woof. Determined to sift the matter thoroughly in pursuance of a plan which suggested itself to his mind, he gave orders for a grand hunting party to take place early on the ensuing day ; and, ere he retired to bed that night, with his own hands he cut a long slit in the velvet covering of the musnud, which formed the most sacred part of the throne of state.

The Sultan and his Court having left the palace at day-break to pursue their sports, the furrashdar, whose business it was to set the hall in order, entered to perform the duties of his office. The first thing that struck his eye

was the rent in the musnud; and, throwing himself into a paroxysm of despair, he gave up his life for lost, anticipating nothing but disgrace and death, as the punishment of what would be deemed his crime or his carelessness, in suffering ought to injure the sacred appendage to the throne. Whilst he was wringing his hands, and beating his breast, tearing the turban from his head, and casting his body on the ground, a brother fur-rashdar entered the apartment, and, enquiring into the cause of his grief, bade him be of good cheer. "I know" (said he) "a rafoogur in this city, so expert at his trade, that he will fine-draw any woven substance so curiously, and so artfully, as to defy the most penetrating eye to discover the hole. We will send for him to repair the musnud, and doubt not but it shall be restored to its pristine beauty, and you secured from all the fatal consequences which you have so strongly apprehended."

Accordingly, the rafoogur arrived, and soon mended the musnud in a style so extraordinary, that its splendour was not in the slightest degree injured; for the velvet appeared

perfect in all its parts, without the shadow of a stitch to betray the accident.

The Sultan, on the day after his return from his hunting excursion, proceeded to the hall of audience, and, mounting the throne, perceived that there did not appear the slightest trace on the velvet of the slit which he had cut in it. Summoning the furrashdars together, he said "What has become of the rent in the musnud? I, with my own hands, cut it asunder, and, behold! it is now whole!" The furrashdars, prostrating themselves before him, lifted up their voices and cried, "Light of the sun! Lord of the universe! may the king live for ever! Being alarmed when we discovered the rent in the musnud, which, (not knowing how it was occasioned) we believed to be the work of an enemy, in order to bring upon us an unmerited punishment, we humbly endeavoured to repair the accident, fearing that your wrath might be kindled against us; and learning that there dwelt a rafoogur in the city so cunning in his workmanship, that he could unite any woven substance without the appearance of a join, we sent to make trial of

his skill, and he has mended the rent in the musnud as you now see it." The Sultan then commanded the rafoogur to be produced. Asking him if he had repaired the musnud, and receiving an answer in the affirmative, he put the canvass bag into his hand, and inquired if he had ever been employed in sewing up any hole or slit in that, or a similar bag. The rafoogur replied, that the Chief Cadi had once sent for him in order to put his art to the test, and that his first experiment was upon the very bag which he held in his hand; and laying his finger upon the spot, he pointed out a small rent sufficient to admit the passage of a tomaun, which he had fine-drawn together with the same skill and accuracy that he had displayed upon the musnud.

The Sultan then sent for the Cadi; and the peasant also appearing according to command, the indignant prince ordered immediate restitution to be made of the thousand tomauns, of which the poor man had been deprived; and, refusing to listen to the judge, he exclaimed, " I promoted you to the most honourable office in my empire, that all my

subjects, whether rich or poor, might be protected and secured from the fraudulent designs of avarice and rapacity. You have betrayed your trust, and have taken advantage of the boundless confidence which I placed in you, to commit an act of atrocious iniquity. The severity of my vengeance must vindicate my character from the odium which such nefarious transactions would bring upon it, and the example of your fall will, I trust, prove a warning example for others, to avoid a similar shame and punishment.

THE BROKEN WINE-GLASS.

Constantine Ormond, the son of a private gentleman, had, at the early age of ten years, manifested a strong inclination to indulge in the use of fermented liquors. Often at his father's table he would make free with ale or wine to a greater degree than was becoming, and had been more than once reproved by his father when he happened to observe it; as Mr. Ormond, however, did not at the time, attach much importance to this growing evil, the boy, it may easily be supposed, continued to give way to his dangerous propensity.

On one occasion, Constantine accompanied Mr. Ormond to dine at the house of a relation, and having taken his seat at some dis-

tance from his father, and near one of the guests who very improperly encouraged him to drink, he soon exceeded the bounds of moderation, and returned home very ill. His father and mother did every thing they could to make him ashamed of his intemperance ; and with a view to accomplish this the more effectually, they pointed out to his observation some of the wretched objects that are too often seen in the streets in a state of intoxication. This degrading exhibition, so nearly resembling what he himself had lately been, could not fail to disgust and mortify the youth, so much that he declared he would in future drink nothing but water. Mr. Ormond told him that moderation was best in every thing, and provided he exercised it when any beverage was offered him by others, or when he helped himself, he would never give occasion for reproof. Constantine, however, had taken up the determination to drink nothing but water, to which he adhered for some time ; his father making no more objection to his resolve, well knowing that this extreme would not be of long duration.

In this state of things a fortnight passed

over, not, however, without Constantine's occasionally boasting of having kept his word. He acknowledged that he was still partial to beer and wine, but he said he denied himself that gratification, lest he should again expose himself to the danger of running into excess.

For the purpose, however, of trying the firmness of his son, upon this point of his character, Mr. Ormond gave an invitation to several boys of Constantine's age, to a cold collation. The table was covered with every thing that could gratify the taste and appetite of the young people, such as pies, tarts, fruit, and sweetmeats. Some choice wine was also produced, of which, towards the end of the repast, Mr. Ormond offered a glass to each of his young guests : Constantine declined taking any, and drank a tumbler of water in preference.

Constantine thought his honour would have been implicated had he flinched from his purpose ; in vain therefore did his mother remonstrate with him upon the affectation and obstinacy of his conduct, on an occasion when his friends had been invited to be merry and

enjoy themselves; in vain she pointed out that, instead of appearing firm and self-denying, he would be looked upon as a conceited self-willed boy. Constantine's young comrades pressed him at any rate to mix a little wine with his water, but they could not prevail upon him; so far from it, their importunities seemed rather to strengthen his resolve, as they flattered his vanity and self-importance; he therefore answered them in a loud though sullen tone, that if they continued to torment him, he would take an oath not to drink any thing but water all the rest of his life. Mr. Ormond grieved at his son's stubbornness, now determined to give him a lesson which he should not easily forget.

Having received some excellent Malaga, a wine that he knew his son was exceedingly fond of, he again invited the same boys, a few weeks after the first entertainment, to another juvenile treat. The day was fixed, and the young people punctually made their appearance.

Constantine had continued thus far to persevere in his resolution, to drink nothing but water; notwithstanding his father had several

times pressed him to take a glass of wine after dinner.

On the day of the entertainment, Constantine partook, with the rest, of the various niceties which were served ; but no one asked him to take wine. When the repast was nearly finished, Mr. Ormond opened a bottle of Malaga, and poured a glass of it to each of the young people present, with the single exception of his son, who, though affecting an air of indifference, it was easy to perceive, was suffering considerable mortification.

Mr. Ormond had so contrived that the only wine glass that remained clean, was the one placed before his son, and which he expected he would not use. This glass he had had cut asunder, and neatly put together again, in such a way, however, that when filled, the upper part would inevitably fall.

When the repast was ended, the young people withdrew to the next apartment, to which Mr. Ormond showed the way. Constantine alone remained behind, and his father would not appear to take any notice of him. Scarcely were the young people out of the dining room, when a noise of broken glass

was heard ; the boys ran back, and to their great astonishment found Constantine standing near the sideboard, where the bottle of Malaga had been left, his clothes stained with wine, and a broken wine-glass at his feet. It would be difficult to describe the confusion of Constantine ; and the merriment of his friends at his exposure. He tried to escape, but the boys, to whom Mr. Ormond had given a hint, prevented him from going, and tormented him with their raillery. Boys are generally merciless ; as soon, therefore, as they perceived that Mr. Ormond was on their side, they gave no rest to Constantine ; they laughed at his great resolution, which could not stand against a glass of Malaga ; they plagued him ; and made so great a noise, that Constantine was obliged to stop his ears.

“ Oh ! my young master,” said one of them, “ it is only before others, that you drink water ; but you can drink wine when alone. Fie ! fie ! ”

“ You are mistaken,” said another, “ the stains you see on Constantine’s waistcoat and trowsers, are nothing but water.”

At this the boys set up a roar of laughter, and asked him how he liked the Malaga? whether he had had time to taste a drop of it, and whether he should not like to try another glass?

During all this uproar, Constantine cut a very poor figure; at one time he covered his face with his hands; next moment he tried to stop his ears, which were almost stunned by the noise. He endeavoured, with his hands and elbows, to shake off his comrades who crowded about him, but was eagerly looking all the while for an opportunity to run away. At last, when Mr. Ormond thought his son sufficiently mortified, he proposed to the boys to walk out in the garden and play, to which they readily assented, and Constantine was left alone. He ran to his room, humbled and grieved, and locked himself in for the rest of the day. He heard the shouts of his comrades, who were playing in the garden, and this served to add to his humiliation.

On the morrow, Constantine had not courage enough to come down to breakfast. His mother sent for him. He then made his appearance, all pale and trembling.

“ Constantine,” said Mrs. Ormond, “ the mortification you felt yesterday was a just punishment for your self-conceit, and total disregard of your parents’ advice. Obedience ought to be the principal virtue of children. They should be persuaded that their father and mother, who only wish their happiness, would not require of them any thing but what is likely to turn to their advantage. Remember, my child, that in most things moderation is requisite, but not the total self-denial of those enjoyments which are granted us by Providence ; a temperate use of wine, or of other fermented liquors, is at times even necessary to man ; but if carried to excess, becomes unwholesome. The same may be applied to eating, which is a necessity imposed upon us by nature, but becomes a vice, if it degenerates into abuse. I hope you will profit by the lesson you have received, and that in future you will have less confidence in yourself ; and as you are aware now of your weakness, that you will be no longer obstinate and sullen, but obedient and ready to listen to, and receive advice.”

Constantine attended to his mother’s words

with the deepest interest, and when she had ended, he, all in tears, begged her to forgive him, confessing his fault, and promising to take care in future, not to fall into a similar error.

Mrs. Ormond was deeply affected, she embraced her son ; at that moment Mr. Ormond entered the room, who addressed Constantine in an affectionate manner, and encouraged him to persevere in these, his reasonable resolves.

Constantine kept his word ; he was cured of his presumption ; he was no longer capricious and obstinate ; and his parents congratulated themselves on the happy effects of the broken wine-glass.

SELFISHNESS CURED.

“ I AM so fond of you,” Matilda was one day saying to Agatha, her little schoolmate, for whom she had taken a particular fancy, and whom she was then almost smothering with her caresses.

“ And I love you,” said Agatha, endeavouring at the same time to free herself; “ but why will you not let me play with Frances ?”

“ Because you would like her better than me.”

“ Then you think Frances more amiable than yourself,” observed one of the governesses of the school, who happened to be within hearing.

“ I don’t mean that,” said Matilda, feeling her vanity offended ; “ but I don’t wish Agatha to like her as well as me.”

After the girls had run together for some time, Matilda felt herself tired, and as it was a holiday, she sat down on a bench, to read a book of tales she had just received, and with which she seemed much amused. Agatha, who was some years younger, and felt no interest in reading, wished still to run about and play. She then began teasing Matilda, by whirling round her, and turning the leaves of her book to prevent her reading; at last she took a handful of grass, and, placing herself behind Matilda, let it fall on her head and on the book. At this Matilda was vexed, told her to be quiet, for she was very tiresome.

“You had better go and play with Frances,” said the school-mistress, who happened to be walking near them.

“Why do you wish her to go and play with Frances?” said Matilda, rising suddenly; but not daring to shew her vexation, she put aside the book and took Agatha by the hand.

“Because you will not play with Agatha yourself—Frances, perhaps, will be more complaisant.”

“But I have been playing with Agatha till now.”

“ That was because you were then in the humour ; but as you have now altered your mind, it is but natural that Agatha, who is still inclined to play, should go and find some one who may have the same fancy.”

To this Matilda had nothing to answer ; she ran after Agatha, but being out of humour, she only annoyed her little friend, by making her turn first one way, then the other ; pulling her by the arm, and then stopping suddenly. Agatha got out of temper, she desired Matilda to let her alone, and tried to free her hand, but Matilda kept her hold, saying to Agatha ; “ just now you wished to run, so let us run.”

At a turn in the avenue they again met the school-mistress, who said to Agatha, “ If I were in your place, I would go and play with Frances ; she would not pull you about so.”

“ What can I do ?” rejoined Matilda ; “ I am only doing as she wished a little time ago.”

“ But you don’t do it in the manner she likes ; and as you have no right over her, you cannot detain her contrary to her inclination. As soon therefore as you cease to comply

with her fancies, she is certainly at liberty to go and play with another if she likes it better."

"Well! she may go," replied Matilda; "I shall take care not to lend her any more of my playthings, nor yet my book of prints, nor will I make her the wreath I intended for her."

"But I don't want to go and play with Frances," said Agatha, almost crying at the idea of losing all the advantages resulting from the friendship of Matilda; "I only wish you not to pull me so hard by the arm."

Peace was accordingly made; it was now the hour for going in doors, and Matilda and Agatha remained friends all the rest of the day.

However they soon quarrelled again. "You must love Agatha more," said the school-mistress to Matilda, "if you don't wish her to prefer Frances to you."

"But I do love her very much; I am often making her presents; it was only yesterday I gave her my best work-box."

"Yes, after having repeatedly refused to give it to her, although you saw she wished it; until she told you that Frances had one as

pretty, and then you gave it to her peevishly. This was merely the effect of jealousy, and not of kindness."

The fact was, that Matilda loved Agatha as a sort of doll, and was amused with her ; she made her do what she liked ; sent her for her handkerchief, or her work whenever she had left them behind ; in short, Matilda assumed a complete mastery over the actions of Agatha, and wished to keep her constantly at her beck. On the other side, Agatha liked Matilda because she made her presents, told her she was pretty ; and likewise, as she was more advanced in age, assisted her in her tasks ; Matilda was jealous of Frances, because she felt that the latter was a more sensible girl, and of a milder disposition, and would soon acquire over Agatha a greater and more lasting influence.

The holidays came ; Matilda went to pass a few weeks at her father's in the country, and Agatha, whose relations were abroad, remained at school. Matilda was grieved to leave her, but she desired her to write constantly.

Agatha was very dull for the first few days ;

but as she wanted something to occupy her mind, she applied herself to work; and being deprived of Matilda's assistance, she paid more attention to what she was doing, and succeeded better than usual. The governess praised her, and Agatha felt encouraged; she discovered a taste for work, and in a short time made great progress, especially in embroidery. She did not, however, mention this in her letters to Matilda, because she wished to surprise her; but when the latter returned to school, Agatha exultingly showed her a pretty work-bag she had begun. "It is all very well," coolly observed Matilda, who was not much inclined to praise others, and she took it up with the intention of working at it herself; but Agatha, who did not wish any one besides herself to have a hand in it, took it from her. Matilda was angry at this, and when Agatha afterwards came to ask her advice about some pattern, Matilda said, "Oh, you can do without me now, you are become so clever!"

She then asked Agatha for whom she intended the bag; but Agatha kept it a secret, and Matilda intimated that she supposed it

was for Frances, or for some new friend she had made during her absence. Agatha smiled and went on with her work. She still showed great friendship for Matilda, but the latter received it with a bad grace, because she saw that Agatha was also friendly with her other companions. Agatha having now become more steady and industrious, was better liked by the elder girls, and she did not disturb them any longer by her talkativeness. She still liked Matilda best, although the latter frequently found means to quarrel with her.

At last Agatha finished her work-bag; she had lined it with pink satin, and put on the ribbons; every one was admiring it, and trying to guess whom it was for: Agatha, much pleased, was looking archly at Matilda, who, without an idea of her intention, sullenly observed, that it was tiresome to hear the same thing repeatedly praised.

“What,” said Agatha, “are you vexed that my work should be admired?”

“I don’t care much about it, as you are no longer my friend.” Then snatching the bag from the hands of one of the girls, “However,” said Matilda, “let us see this fine

work; I am the only one to whom it has not been shown." She then looked at it disdainfully, rumped and squeezed it in her hands, and away she ran into the garden. She thought the bag was intended for Frances, as she had of late seen that young lady in close conference with Agatha. The latter ran after Matilda, crying, and the other girls followed to see that the bag was returned to her. Matilda being surrounded, endeavoured to put the bag under her feet, in order to retain it; but while she was stooping to do so, one of the girls pulled her by her frock, and she fell on the grass; another of them snatched up the bag and restored it to Agatha, who had just arrived in the circle almost breathless. Agatha embraced her young companion, and said, "I will give the bag to you; I did intend it for Matilda, but since she has used me so cruelly, she no longer deserves it."

Matilda felt she was wrong, yet she would not acknowledge it, although severely reprimanded by the governess for her unbecoming behaviour. She was displeased with every body, because she was not satisfied with herself; she forsook Agatha, and made

no more friends in the school ; became sullen, and associated with no one.

Sometime after this, a great misfortune befel her : she lost her father ; and her mother having been dead several years, she was left almost alone in the world.

Matilda's companions shewed a real sympathy in her grief for the loss she had sustained, and Frances among the rest, who, feeling sorry for having been the innocent cause of her quarrel with Agatha, seized every opportunity of making friends again with Matilda. The latter, as long as she saw every one around her interested in her fate, was pleased with every body ; and as she appeared mild and kind, people thought that her disposition was changed ; but when, after a certain lapse of time, her companions returned to their usual occupations and amusements, Matilda appeared offended with them, because they were cheerful ; and she seemed to expect that they should have mourned as long for the death of her parent, as if they had all sustained a like loss. Her governess found her one day all in tears, and complaining that no one any longer felt any interest in her fate.

“ Matilda,” said the mistress, “ask yourself, whether for any one of your companions, you would for so long a time have broken into your own amusements and pastimes ?”

Matilda answered, that no one loved her in the school, and therefore she wished to leave it. Her wish was soon fulfilled. Her father had left his affairs in a very deranged state, and his creditors having assembled after his death, they allotted to his children a small annual allowance, which was not sufficient to defray both Matilda’s pension and that of her brother Edward, who had gone to college abroad : it was therefore settled that the latter was to return, and that they should both go and reside at an old relation’s, who agreed to take them for the sum appointed.

Matilda was delighted to think that she was going to live with her brother, whom she had not seen for eight years, but who had been in correspondence with her ; and who, she thought, must love her above any other person in the world, she being his only sister. She was still more delighted when, on his arrival, he came to see her at the school. Matilda was then fourteen years of age ; Edward was seventeen ; handsome, amiable,

kind, and sensible ; he showed much fondness for her, and told her that since they had no fortune, it was now his business to endeavour to provide for her, and, as a proof of his good intentions, gave her the half of what little money he had brought back with him. Matilda shed tears at this instance of her brother's kindness ; she was proud of him, and asked all her companions whether they did not think him very handsome, and to those who had not had an opportunity of seeing him, she said, " he will come again to-morrow ;" nor did she doubt it, as she seemed to think that her brother had no other business in the world but to come and see her.

The morrow came, and Edward did not appear. Matilda, uneasy and impatient, looked alternately at the clock and at the door. " Perhaps he has mistaken the hour." But Edward did not come all that day. Her little school-mates teased her, and said, repeating her words, " Oh ! he will come to-morrow."

" I shall chide him well when he comes," said Matilda, affecting to laugh.

Next day, a hired coach stopped at the door of the school, and brought an old servant of

her relation's, who told Matilda she had come to fetch her. Matilda, having fully expected that her brother would have come for her, could not refrain from tears at his neglect, and bidding a hasty farewell to her companions, she stepped into the carriage, to conceal her disappointment.

The relative with whom Matilda was now going to live, was a phlegmatic old lady, who felt little interest for any thing in the world besides her own comforts, and those of her cat, and therefore was not likely to pay much attention to her young cousin, or humour her in her fancies. She had undertaken to board and lodge Matilda and Edward, since, as she was not rich herself, she thought the addition of their income, however small, would be an improvement to her finances.

While the carriage was rolling on, Matilda thought she should now meet her brother, and would make him feel the whole weight of her displeasure. She entered the sitting-room, but Edward was not there. Her cousin came in, and coolly wished her a good morning. Dinner was announced, and Edward had not arrived. Poor Matilda could not bear so many disappointments, she

could not swallow a morsel, but began crying afresh. "You regret leaving your school," said her cousin to her, "this is a natural feeling, but it will soon wear away." And without paying any further attention to Matilda, she began feeding her cat, and talking with her old servant maid. Edward did not come home till late in the evening, and when Matilda heard his voice from the stairs, although she was ready to leap for joy, she put on a most reserved countenance, in order, as she thought, to mortify her brother.

"Nothing is the matter with me," answered Matilda, drily, as she tried to evade the questions of her brother. Edward guessed the cause of her displeasure, and explained to her that he had employed the last three days in visiting several of his father's relations, to request their influence in his favour, in order that he might obtain some employment. Seeing his explanation did not satisfy Matilda, he endeavoured to laugh her out of her sulkiness; but as this did not answer, he sat down by his cousin, and shortly after retired to his room, first shaking hands with his sister in a friendly manner.

Matilda fancied he was very wrong in ma-

king so light of her vexation, and she thought it becoming still to appear displeased with him, and therefore when Edward asked her next morning whether she would like to take some lessons of drawing from him, she coldly answered that she had not yet made up her mind. Edward took her at her word, and thinking she had no taste for drawing, did not press her any more. He soon after went out, and Matilda was left to her own unpleasant reflections.

When Edward returned to dinner, he told Matilda he had met one of his schoolfellows, who had introduced him to his father, and that the latter had invited him to go, in the summer, and spend some days at his country seat, which invitation he had accepted. Matilda observed that her brother did not seem at all sorry to leave her.

“ It is not summer yet,” said Edward, “ and if I go, it will only be for a few days. Would you not avail yourself of a similar opportunity, were you in my place?”

“ Oh ! as for me, I don’t expect any invitations of the sort.”

“ And therefore you are displeased that I should accept any,” Edward mildly replied.

Matilda began crying, she saw through her own unjust and selfish feelings, which made her grudge others those pleasures she could not herself share, but she had not yet acquired sufficient resolution to conquer her selfishness. Edward embraced and tried to soothe her; they spent the evening together, talking of their mutual affairs, of his plans, and of many other interesting subjects. Matilda was delighted with him, and thought him the most amiable of brothers.

After this, some days passed off quietly. Edward had proposed to his sister that they should read Italian together in the morning, and they began to do so; but some of Edward's acquaintances advised him to employ his mornings in attending some lectures, which might be useful to him afterwards; he therefore told his sister they had better reserve the evenings for reading Italian. Matilda was offended that her lessons should not have the preference, and she replied to her brother that she did not like reading by candle light. The Italian was accordingly discontinued, and Edward said no more about it.

By degrees Edward came but seldom to converse with his sister, and then their conversations were but of short duration. He would have liked to have related to her all he did or wished to do, but Matilda appeared so dissatisfied with his actions whenever they did not concern her directly, she listened to him in so absent a manner, and answered him so coldly, that he imagined she took no interest in his affairs, and he in consequence became constrained and reserved.

Several months passed in this way. Meanwhile, Edward, whose manners were engaging and prepossessing, had been introduced to several families, and, among the rest, to the aunt of Frances, his sister's schoolfellow. Frances being also an orphan, had come to live with her aunt, after leaving school. Matilda was apprised by her brother of his having made this new acquaintance, and was vexed that Frances had not expressed any desire to renew their former intimacy. Edward told her that Frances wished to do so, but that her aunt had opposed it on account of their cousin, who was considered a tiresome sort of person. Matilda was not satisfied with this explana-

tion, she was angry with the aunt, with the niece, and even with Edward, because he found pleasure in their society.

Matilda occasionally met Mrs. Wilkins, the school-mistress, who had often reproved her for her selfishness, and to her she complained of her grievances against her brother.

“ My dear Miss Matilda,” said Mrs. Wilkins, “ if you really love your brother, you ought to feel pleased that he has some friends, and that he mixes in agreeable society.”

“ It is precisely because I love him,” answered Matilda, “ that I cannot bear that he should leave me, to go elsewhere to amuse himself, and forget me.”

Matilda's temper became worse every day ; she was morose, tired of every thing, and her health was affected by it. Edward perceived all this with the deepest grief, but he did not like any longer to open his mind to his sister. Meanwhile he had also his own disappointments. A situation had been promised to him, and then given to another ; his friends made professions which came to nothing, his little stock of money was nearly exhausted, and his perspective was gloomy. Nevertheless, had his sister been kind to

him, he would have forgotten half his troubles, but they now lived like strangers, though in the same house.

One morning as she was in the parlour, she heard her brother speaking in the passage to the servant, desiring that she would look over his linen, which, for want of proper attention had become nearly unfit to wear.

“ You might give it to Miss Matilda,” pertly replied the servant maid, who was used to speak to her mistress in this manner, “ she has little or nothing to do.”

“ Jane,” said Edward, in a firm though under tone of voice, “ my sister gives you no trouble, she asks no service of you ; therefore you have no right to make remarks upon what she does or does not.”

Matilda, who heard these words, was delighted with her brother's taking her part ; she could have embraced him at that moment. Turning to the window, she saw a servant from Miss Frances, who was coming with a card for Edward. It was an invitation for him to an evening party that week. Edward accepted it. This circumstance was sufficient to spoil Matilda's newly-felt satisfaction towards her brother.

When the day of this invitation came, Edward said to his sister, after dinner, that he was going to write some letters.

“And afterwards to your party,” observed Matilda.

“No,” said Edward, “I shall not go.”

“And by what chance?”

Edward then frankly told her, as they were alone, that in examining his clothes, he had not found a suit fit for him to appear in a large party, and therefore he had been obliged to send some sort of apology to Frances’ aunt, and to make up his mind to stay at home.

“This is what happens to me every day,” said his sister. “Well, Matilda, if it be a consolation to you that I should do the same, it will also be my case henceforth, until my circumstances improve.” Having said this, he left the room.

Matilda saw he was displeased, and for the first time in her life she confessed to herself that she was wrong; for the first time she saw her brother sad and unhappy, and this idea engrossed her mind so that she forgot her self-love for the moment. Still she was not quite displeased that Edward was obliged to stay at home that evening. Shortly after she heard

Jane saying to her brother that her mistress would not allow so many candles to be lighted, as he was about to take one up to go to his room.

Matilda went out in the passage, and saw Edward leaning against the bannisters at the foot of the stair case, his head hanging downwards, and pale from a sense of his poverty and humiliation. Matilda was affected; she whispered to him to come and write in the same room with her. He did so without saying a word. While he was writing, two notes came, addressed to him, one was an invitation to a concert, the other to a ball, at which he was to have danced with Frances. He threw the two notes into the fire. "It is of no use now," he said, mournfully; I must think no more of all this."

Edward retired early to his room. Matilda went to hers, but sat musing a long while about her brother and his affairs. She felt she had been unkind to him, and reproached herself with not having shown more interest for his concerns, and taken care of his small wardrobe; this, however, she proposed to do forthwith. But on looking next day over Edward's clothes, while he had gone out to

take his usual walk, she found that his best coat was really unfit to wear in company, and that it was impossible for her to mend it so as to make it appear decent. Whilst she was examining the coat with tears in her eyes, Edward came in and was agreeably surprised at seeing his sister busy about something belonging to him; he called her his dear Matilda, but she, shaking her head, told him she was afraid her little skill at her needle could not in this case be of any use to him.

“ Well, never mind,” said Edward, “ I shall stay at home in the evening as you do.”

“ Oh, as for me, it is of little consequence.”

This last expression was not the effect of peevishness, as she really felt at that moment that her pleasures ought to be subordinate to her brother's interests; and it was his interest to cultivate his acquaintances, and likewise to appear respectable.

As soon as Edward was gone, Matilda went to her drawers, and collected the few trinkets she had of any value, as well as some silver, and then wrote to Mrs. Wilkins, who lived in the neighbourhood, saying she wanted to see her. The good Mrs. Wilkins lost no time, but came that very evening.

Matilda then shewed her the amount of her little treasury, and told her she wished to dispose of it for the purpose of getting a new coat for Edward. Mrs. Wilkins observed that it would not be sufficient. Matilda piteously said she had nothing else of value in the world.

“ We can perhaps manage otherwise,” said Mrs. Wilkins; “ you know I have taught you to make artificial flowers; the materials you can buy with some of that silver; I will lend you the instruments, and will also assist you in your work, and then in a few weeks you will have earned enough to get a new coat for your brother.”

Matilda was overjoyed at this; she pressed Mrs. Wilkins’ hand, and began immediately to carry her advice into effect. Edward was agreeably surprised at seeing her so industrious and cheerful; he was not aware of the motive that actuated her.

In the course of a month, Matilda had made and sold flowers enough to pay for her brother’s coat. She ordered it without his knowledge, and it was accordingly brought and placed in Edward’s apartment. At the same time, Matilda having learned that Frances’

aunt was to give a ball next evening, contrived to obtain a card for her brother, and placed it on the coat. Edward came home, and soon after entered the parlour, where Matilda was, with the card in his hand, and an air of surprise in his looks. His sister, however, did not conceal what she had done for him.

“What,” said Edward, “is it for me, for my pleasures, that you have been working so hard for this month past?”

He was deeply affected, and embraced his sister. She told him she wished to see whether the coat fitted him. He went to put it on, and when he came down again, his sister could not help admiring how well he looked in it.

Next day, Edward went to Frances’ house, where he had not visited for some time. Matilda told him to remember her kindly to Frances. Next morning Edward told his sister he had some good news to communicate to her. He had had a long conversation with Frances, the evening before, and they were very friendly together, and as Frances was a sensible, unaffected, and kind young lady, Edward told her in few words what

his sister had done for him. While he was relating the story, an old gentleman, who was behind Frances' chair, overheard part of it; he felt interested, and soon after drew the remainder of the narrative from Frances, whose guardian he was. He then made acquaintance with Edward, talked to him upon various subjects, and finding him sensible and well informed, told him he would give him a situation in his banking-house, if he would accept of it.

A few days after, Edward entered upon his new employment, and made use of his first month's salary to purchase a dress for his sister, that she might also appear in company. Next month he bought her a new hat. Matilda chid him for spending all his money upon her. "Well," said Edward, "I will deliver to you what I get, and our expences shall be in common." Matilda became Edward's housekeeper, and all her care was to refit her brother's wardrobe; she hardly ever bought any thing for herself, so that Edward was obliged to keep some of his money in order to make her little presents.

Mrs. Wilkins came frequently to see Matilda, and found her always busy and cheer-

ful. “ You see, Miss Matilda,” said she one day to her, “ that when we are intent on being useful to others, we are always pleased with ourselves; which is not the case if we expect others to be always occupied about us; for then we are almost certain to be disappointed.”

By degrees Edward’s circumstances improved, he received a handsome legacy from a distant relation, and he and Matilda found themselves at last comfortably situated. In course of time Edward obtained Frances’ hand, and Matilda married the son of the generous banker.

Matilda became entirely cured of her self-love, which was rather the effect of excessive susceptibility, than of any defect in her heart. By thinking more of others, she thought much less of herself, whereby she became an object of esteem amongst all her friends.

FINIS.







